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The Week

EACH day's news adds to the seriousness of the Mississippi flood disaster. The breaking of the Bayou des Glaises levees has resulted in inundating a vast territory in south central Louisiana, with an additional loss of at least twenty lives—how many more, it is still impossible to say—and many millions of dollars. All told, the refugees now number over 400,000; the monetary loss is probably at least a quarter of a billion dollars; and the danger is by no means ended. As we go to press, the water has risen again at New Orleans. It is now only an inch lower than before the blasting of the Poydras levee, which was supposed to put the city beyond any possible danger. The main crest of the Mississippi flood is still up-stream; and when it comes, it will be augmented by the waters of the Arkansas and Red Rivers.

THE Red Cross Relief Fund has passed $10,000,000; the American people have responded with their usual generosity, and, no doubt, will continue to do so. However, it is plain that the needs of the flood sufferers will go far beyond the resources of private charity. President Coolidge has stubbornly refused to consider calling a special session of Congress to vote a federal appropriation, but in view of the situation we do not see how he can continue in this decision. Even after the present flood problem is out of the way, there remains the gigantic task of preventing a recurrence, if this is at all possible. We pointed out last week that leading meteorological experts believe the floods are augmented (though not caused) by the unwise policy which has been pursued in the northern part of the Mississippi Valley, by reckless deforestation, by draining swamps, and by careless methods of agriculture which permit vast quantities of our best soil to be eroded. If these authorities are correct, the serious character of the disasters of 1912, 1922 and 1927 is directly connected with an agricultural policy which, if allowed to continue, will bring much of our best agricultural land to utter ruin within a century or so. Here is a problem which presents a challenge to our best collective intelligence.

THE British government's police raid on the premises of the Russian trade delegation and coöperative societies is an amazing incident. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, who appears to have been personally responsible for the action, asserts that the government was in search of a missing state document of importance. It was not recovered. He declares that it was burned by the Russians after the raid had started, while the Soviet representatives insist that it was never in their possession and that they know nothing about it. As a result of the incident, feeling against Great Britain is running high in Russia. Mass meetings of protest have been held in city after city, and the British government has felt it necessary to warn its citizens not to travel by the Trans-Siberian Railway until the present inflamed state of public feeling has moderated. The affair is certain to react unfavorably upon English trade with the U. S. S. R., which amounts at present to about $65,000,000 a year.

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IT is also likely to have even more serious consequences. The present Conservative government of Great Britain is at odds with Russia on more than one matter. Its hostility to the whole politico-economic program of Moscow is, of course, as strong as that of the American government. It has repeatedly charged that the Russian Communists are interfering in British internal politics. Again and again it has objected to alleged propaganda from Moscow in India and elsewhere. There is a clash of interest in China of the most serious nature possible. It is probably true that even the bitterest Tories in the British Cabinet do not actually want to go to war with Russia. They know that the public opinion of the country would not support such a struggle. But it is equally true that their course of implacable hostility, and in particular, such a contemptuous disregard of ordinary courtesy in international affairs as Sir William Joynson-Hicks has just displayed, may lead to such strained relations that conflict will result whether it is wanted or not.

MISS Anita Whitney of Oakland, California, must go to prison for a term of not less than one or more than fourteen years. That is the immediate result of the Supreme Court decision of May 16, upholding the validity of the California Syndicalism Law. The Court ruled only on the constitutionality of the law, and held unanimously that it did not contravene either the "due process" or the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis concurred in the opinion, while expressing regret that it was not possible for the Court to pass upon the question whether Miss Whitney's actions had in reality violated the state statute. The decision of the Court, given by Mr. Justice Sanford, held that the California law is not class legislation, and made the customary distinction between "freedom of speech" and "unbridled license." On this point, Justices Brandeis and Holmes disagreed with the majority opinion. Their dissent, written by Mr. Justice Brandeis, says that

> fear of serious injury cannot alone justify suppression of free speech and assembly. Even imminent danger cannot justify resort to prohibitions of these functions essential to effective democracy unless the evil apprehended is relatively serious.
>
> I am unable to assent to the suggestion in the opinion of the Court that assembling with a political party formed to advocate the desirability of a proletarian revolution by mass action at some date necessarily far in the future is not a right within the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment.

This is in line with the famous statement of Justice Holmes (in the decision in Schenck vs. U. S., 240, U. S. 47) that written or spoken words of a seditious character are subject to legal restraint only when they are "used in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that the legislature "has the right to prevent."

THE decision of the Supreme Court is, doubtless, good law; but obviously, it sanctions a poor public policy. The California Syndicalism Law was one of the worst fruits of war-time hysteria. It made any individual member of an organization responsible for acts committed, or words said, by other members, which constitutes a startling advance in the theory of joint responsibility. It treated certain criminal acts, already punishable under existing statutes, in a special way because of the character of the purpose which was alleged to lie behind them.

MOREOVER, whatever the merits of the law itself, Miss Whitney violated it, if at all, only in a technical sense. The statute holds that criminal syndicalism is "any doctrine or precept advocating, teaching or aiding and abetting the commission of crime, sabotage or unlawful acts of force and violence, or unlawful methods of terrorism as a means of accomplishing a change in industrial ownership or control, or effecting any political change." Miss Whitney was sentenced under Section IV, which declares every person guilty of a felony who "organizes or assists in organizing, or is or knowingly becomes a member of, any organization, society, group or assemblage of persons organized or assembled to advocate, teach or aid and abet criminal syndicalism." Miss Whitney assisted in organizing the California Branch of the Communist Labor party. As chairman of the platform committee, and being a person rigidly opposed under all circumstances to any and all forms of violence, she introduced a platform of a most pacific character. It was rejected by the convention as too mild, and the platform of the National Communist Labor party was substituted *in toto*. This platform has been held by the United States Department of Labor not to advocate violent revolution. It did, however, speak approvingly of the I. W. W., an organization which was anathema to California just then. Miss Whitney's crime consisted, it would therefore appear, in remaining a member of the organization and trying to convert it to her own doctrine of non-violence! In California, as in practically every other state which passed a criminal syndicalism law, the statute has now become a dead letter. With the passing of the post-war hysteria against the "Reds," juries refuse to bring in verdicts of guilty in such cases. We take it for granted, therefore, that the awakened conscience of California will make itself felt, and that Miss Whitney will be spared the necessity of serving any part of her thoroughly undeserved prison term.

THE American Civil Liberties Union has issued a report on the status of free speech in the United States in 1926, as compared to 1925. On the whole,

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it finds that conditions are improving. Of prosecutions involving civil liberty there were only fifty-two in 1926, and nearly seven times as many, or three hundred and fifty-two, in 1925. Instances of mob violence were reduced from forty to twenty-one. There were thirty-four lynchings in 1926, which represents a substantial increase over 1925, but is still very much better than the average record a few years ago. Prosecution under state criminal syndicalism and sedition laws has practically ceased, as the country gets further from the war hysteria. The Union reports that the Ku Klux Klan "is losing its influence in practically every section." Its place seems to be taken, the Union finds, by the American Legion. The record shows that in no fewer than twenty-seven states repressive tactics have been used by the Legion and says that many of the attacks on freedom of speech have been traced to propaganda emanating from this body, the War Department, or the various patrioteering bodies. These groups, plus the religious fundamentalists, are held responsible for interference with freedom in the schools. Student publications have been suppressed, teachers and students dismissed for expression of opinion, military drill made compulsory, and laws introduced for obligatory Bible reading. Industrial disputes have also been marked by interference with civil liberty, and particularly the strikes of Passaic and Rhode Island textile workers, Indiana miners, and the fur and garment workers of New York City. While the report is, on the whole, an encouraging one, it serves to remind us, if we needed it, that the fight for freedom of thought is not won. It goes on forever—though it rages more fiercely at some times than others.

NOT all the foreigners in the interior of China are fleeing to the seacoast, or concentrating in river towns under the protecting guns of warships. While the French, British, Italians, Americans and Japanese are being sent out to safety, large numbers of Germans are staying. Women and children remain with the men; and nowhere, apparently, are any of this nationality suffering the slightest molestation. On the contrary, they are taking over the trade abandoned by other Europeans, and profiting greatly. Why are they so singularly exempt from the general dislike of foreigners? Because Germany, through the Treaty of Versailles, renounced all special privileges of every kind in China, including extra-territoriality. Instead of finding this a handicap, the Germans have discovered it to be an advantage. They go about wearing arm-bands to signify that they are not among the favored foreigners who have special rights in China. One would think this would give a hint to other Europeans; but it does not. Most of them continue to shout for military action against the Chinese, and then in the next breath, to complain that the natives, for some strange reason, do not seem to regard them with unmixed sentiments of affection.

THE Little Entente, which has been moribund for some time, now appears to be entirely defunct. The representatives of the three powers, who have been in conference, have given up the effort to reach an agreement, and have decided "to transfer the Entente from the political to the cultural field," which means, so far as we can judge, just about nothing at all. The Italian accord with Rumania is the reason for the collapse of the Entente, a development which represents a victory for Mussolini gained at the expense of France. Rumania wanted a united front against Russia, proposing for this purpose even to include a fourth power, Poland. To this, Czechoslovakia promptly refused to assent. Jugoslavia, seeking support in her opposition to Italy over Albania, was told politely that Rumania could not agree to any action inimical to Italy—the latter having, only a short time ago, underwritten Rumania's possession of Bessarabia. That the Little Entente was disintegrating has long been apparent, as Italy has strengthened its dominating position in the Balkans. The Entente's chief reason for existence from the beginning was the ability of France to guarantee by force of arms the territorial settlements of the treaties of 1919. These no longer seem in such danger of "revision on the battlefield" as they did four or five years back—and Mussolini becomes more and more important in the eyes of his Balkan neighbors, as the Parisian politicians become less and less so.

SINCE our editorial on the Massachusetts Utility Department's challenge to the companies and the Supreme Court, we have been asked why it is, if Massachusetts has stuck by the rule of original cost less depreciation in valuing utilities, electric rates have got to levels which appear too high, and many companies are distributing surplus profits in one form or another. As explained in a communication from the Department to the legislature, the regulating ability of the Department has been hampered by two legal restrictions—it could not initiate proceedings for lower rates but had to wait for petitions arising in a specified way, and it had jurisdiction over maximum or lighting rates only, and hence could not adjust the whole rate system, fixing the relation among various kinds of domestic rates and between domestic and industrial rates. The legislature, however, has recently passed Mr. Henry L. Shattuck's bill giving the Department power to bring proceedings of its own initiative, to suspend the operation of any change in rates pending investigation, and to regulate all rates charged for gas and electricity. Since the movement to give these powers to the Department arose last December, many petitions requesting reductions in lighting rates have been filed, and many have been granted. It remains to be seen whether, as the Department goes ahead to revise rates downward, the utilities will take up its challenge and appeal the valuation issue to the Supreme Court.

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SOME four years ago, as our readers may remember, a "Russian-American Industrial Corporation" was organized as an offshoot of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Its purpose was to aid Russia, then in the worst throes of the reconstruction period, by an investment of capital in an enterprise of the type which the Russians would find most acceptable. The funds obtained from the general public, amounting to more than $300,000, were invested in the "All-Russian Clothing Syndicate" whose function was to supply raw materials, woolens and trimmings, to clothing factories in Russia and to distribute the finished merchandise throughout the country. This syndicate operated successfully for two and a half years. It paid dividends to the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, which in turn declared dividends to its American stockholders aggregating 8 percent. Subsequently, however, the Russians decided, for reasons of internal politics, to dissolve the syndicate. The U. S. S. R. has accordingly returned to the Russian-American Industrial Corporation every cent of its investment, and the latter in turn is now engaged in paying its stockholders one hundred cents on the dollar. We submit this incident to those who still persist in saying that it is impossible to do business with Russia and that money invested there, on terms approved by the Soviet government, is not a good risk.

THE Bureau of the Census has given out partial figures for manufacturing establishments in 1925 which support our contention, frequently made, that the workers are not receiving as rapid advances in wages as the owners are in profits. These figures cover about 25,000 establishments and 160 industries, or perhaps one-fourth of the total. Both 1923 and 1925 were prosperous years. The "value added by manufacture"—which is the difference between the cost of materials and the total sales, and thus includes the amount to be divided among wages, interest, rent, profits, salaries and other overhead expenses—grew from $5,437,764,860 in 1923 to $5,817,955,065 in 1925. The part of this paid out in wages, however, decreased from $2,298,267,004 to $2,293,897,389. In other words, while the amount to be divided among participants in manufacturing increased by $380,000,000, the share of it going to wage-earners decreased by $5,000,000. The gain in "value added" was not caused by higher prices, but by enlarged total product. This product was, moreover, produced by fewer wage-earners, their number falling from 1,722,398 to 1,680,971. The average yearly wage-earnings rose slightly—from $1,334 to $1,365. As is seen from the total pay-roll figure, however, wages did not rise fast enough to increase the purchasing power of these manufacturing workers as a whole, though the product turned out increased both in quantity and value. These wage-earners, therefore, could not buy back as much of what they produced in 1925 as in 1923.

Why Boston Wishes to Hang Sacco and Vanzetti

ALTHOUGH at this writing Governor Fuller of Massachusetts has not announced what he intends to do about the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti, we take it for granted that he will appoint a reviewing commission. If he is a man of balanced judgment or respect for the traditions of Anglo-American law, what else can he do? It is wholly incredible that, after the volume and the quality of the doubt which competent lawyers and judges of evidence have published as to the fairness of the trial, he will allow the two men to be killed. It is no less incredible that he would consider a commutation of their sentence to be a possible way out. If they have had a fair trial, he should, under the laws of Massachusetts, allow them to be executed. But if there is a reasonable doubt about their guilt, he should either pardon them or appoint a thoroughly impartial commission to investigate the conduct of the trial and the weight of the evidence. A commutation of sentence would be almost as objectionable as actual execution, and would merely prolong indefinitely the present agitation. No doubt, Governor Fuller would be fully justified in issuing a pardon on the grounds that there is reasonable doubt of the fairness of the trial and that the law does not provide for any regular method of solving those doubts. But it is a rare governor who will assume an exclusive and an onerous responsibility which he has a good excuse for distributing. That is why, in our opinion, Governor Fuller is likely to appoint the commission.

It is, of course, of the utmost importance to prevent the scheduled execution of Sacco and Vanzetti and to secure for them, if not a new trial, then an impartial review of the old trial. But there is another aspect of the episode which is of almost equal importance. It is created by the attitude which the great majority of the lawyers, business men and good society in Boston have assumed toward the effort to obtain a disinterested review of the legal process which resulted in the conviction of the two Italians. Their attitude has been one of fierce and uncompromising hostility. They have avoided for the most part any attempt to pass on the merits of the demand for a new trial. They have merely treated this demand as the evidence of an effort to weaken the foundations of legal and social order in Massachusetts. Respectable lawyers have stated that it now makes no difference whether the convicted Italians are innocent or guilty. They declare it to be disloyal to the system of criminal justice of their state to question the fairness of the trial. They feel themselves justified in abusing and, so far as possible, in persecuting, the people who insist that in this case justice may have stumbled.

In substance, they are insisting that the process of criminal justice in Massachusetts, as it has ope

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ated in this case, should be considered infallible. This is an extraordinary position to assume, considering the notorious defects in the existing machinery in this country for detecting, prosecuting, indicting, trying, punishing and reforming criminals, but what renders it the more extraordinary is one somewhat unusual characteristic of the procedure in this instance. The attribution of infallibility to the process of convicting Sacco and Vanzetti is, in effect, an attribution of infallibility to one man—Judge Webster Thayer, who tried the case. It was his conduct of the trial which resulted in the conviction. It was he who, under the law, passed upon and rejected the applications on various grounds for a new trial. His justification for so doing, in so far as that justification depended upon the weight of the evidence, has never been passed upon by a different or higher tribunal. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which has always prided itself on its allegiance to the best traditions of Anglo-American law, is, consequently, risking its reputation for doing justice on the superiority to error of one man, who in this particular instance has peculiarly powerful personal reasons for closing his eyes to his own possible mistakes.

It is both astonishing and depressing that educated and intelligent people, who occupy responsible positions in society, should be unconscious of the sinister stupidity of assuming such a position. One of the most ordinary facts in the history of the law in all countries and at all times is that the criminal courts occasionally convict innocent people when the prosecuting or judicial officers have strong personal or social motives for wishing to convict, or for wishing to prevent a conviction from being overthrown. Motives of this kind were demonstrably present in the minds of the judicial officers who prosecuted, tried and convicted Sacco and Vanzetti. Such being the fact, it is no very severe indictment of the process of criminal justice in Massachusetts to admit that, in this particular case, justice may have nodded. The whole procedure in criminal cases assumes that justice is liable to nod and that the accused person in every stage of the process should have the benefit of all reasonable doubt. A legal system vindicates its authority not by taking refuge in infallibility but by taking precautions against fallibility. There is no good reason why the proudest and most loyal citizen of Massachusetts should fear that in asking for a review of the record in this case he is injuring the reputation of his state. On the contrary, the only way whereby, in existing circumstances, he can justify popular confidence in the administration of justice in the Bay State is to provide, in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, for a review of the evidence outside of the ordinary procedure which that procedure itself does not require.

The blindness of Boston Back Bay to these commonplace considerations is itself something which calls for explanation. Why should a group of people, who in their private lives are kindly and decent, object to having certain reasonable doubts removed as to whether two poor Italians were or were not justly convicted of murder? The obvious answer is that the Italians happen to be communist agitators. This fact, which accounted for their conviction, may be assumed to account for the effort to associate the authority of the whole apparatus of criminal justice in Massachusetts with the refusal to reconsider the verdict. But this answer, while it contains a part of the truth, still leaves something to be explained. If Sacco and Vanzetti had been English or American communists, it is most probable either that they would not have been convicted or that it would have been necessary to arouse public opinion as to the need of a review of the justice of the conviction. It is the combination of their being foreigners and communists which is necessary to account for the resolution of good society in Boston that Sacco and Vanzetti shall die, no matter whether they have had or have not had a fair trial. The agitation for a review of the first trial, after the exhaustion of every expedient which the law provides for a reconsideration of the verdict, touches the Back Bay on its tenderest and most vulnerable spot. It is composed of an ethnic minority which still rules in some measure by virtue of wealth and social prestige. It resents the idea that the processes of this rule should be challenged by representatives of other and, in their opinion, inferior, peoples. It feels about a review of the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti very much as it felt in 1916 about the appointment of that disturber of its privileged complacency, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The first article in the creed of the Back Bay is that descendants of the early English settlers are entitled by a species of divine right to rule this country and particularly Massachusetts. Its apologists associate the welfare and security of the commonwealth with the unimpaired exercise of this sacred privilege. At present, however, the descendants of these early settlers, particularly those who live in large cities, are hopelessly outnumbered. They are afraid of being overwhelmed and submerged. They are peculiarly sensitive to any attack upon the part of the social machinery, such as legal administration, which they still partly control. They consider their own prestige and that of their class compromised by the challenge of the Sacco-Vanzetti verdict. Thus their stubborn and impassioned defense of a doubtful conviction is chiefly a matter of pathological class consciousness. It is the obverse aspect of the conflict in American urban society which was illustrated by the election of Bill Thompson as Mayor of Chicago. The two episodes are analogous in their underlying meaning and in their essential absurdity. The half-world of Chicago, which consists of partly domesticated immigrants and their children, elected a bumptious demagogue as Mayor, in large measure because they

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disliked and resented the affectations and pretensions of his prominent upper-class opponents. The best society of Boston shuts its eyes to the danger of legally executing two possibly innocent Italians because the convicts belong to a class of foreign invaders who do not share American traditions or understand American institutions and who, from its point of view, deserve to feel the full rigor of the law which they ignore or protest.

Who Reads the Tabloids?

THE most interesting topic in the field of daily journalism continues to be the rise of the tabloid newspaper. Thirty years ago, publishers all over the country were watching, with fascinated horror, the progress of Hearst as his papers went from one depth of vulgar sensationalism to another, always with enlarged circulation and influence. Today the same process is being repeated, but Hearst is no longer the object of concern. Instead, having grown old and weary and increasingly conservative, he is on the sidelines, observing the advance of newspapers which, in his day, would have been suppressed by a shocked public opinion if not by legal process; or else, as in his New York Mirror, he copies the new style with painful exactness, imitating where once he led.

Tabloid journalism does not, to be sure, provide an infallible formula, by which anyone may succeed who is willing to soil his hands with such an enterprise. Dozens of these half-size sheets have been started in the United States in recent years, only to find that the trick is not so easy as it looks, and to end with the sheriff's padlock on their doors. It is only in the large cities, and, most of all, New York, that this type of newspaper has been an unqualified success. It may be of interest, therefore, to look at the newspaper situation in the metropolis and see what the alleged menace really amounts to. Will these jungle weeds in the journalistic garden kill off the less hardy growth of orthodox and respectable publishing? Is there room for the two to continue side by side? Or is the tabloid a temporary expedient which will soon perish? The acid test, of course, is found in the facts as to circulation, which is the vital element in the record of any newspaper.

In 1921, the combined circulation of all New York and Brooklyn newspapers was 3,714,495. The population of Greater New York was then 5,796,133. On the first of April, 1927, the combined circulation of all newspapers in the city was 5,166,409. The population in the last year available, 1926, was, according to a careful estimate, 5,924,139. In other words, there was a gain in newspaper circulation of 1,451,914, and a population growth of only 128,006.

Oddly enough, this gain in total newspaper circulation was almost exactly equal to the total gain in tabloid circulation. In 1921, there was but one of these papers, the Daily News, which had 336,149 readers. This paper today has 1,145,481 readers for its daily edition and 1,433,478 on Sunday, or a seven-day average of 1,186,637. During the six years, the Daily Mirror has been started by Mr. Hearst, with a present circulation of 411,808, and Mr. Bernarr Macfadden has launched the Evening Graphic, with 334,795 fascinated daily purchasers. Thus the combined circulation of the three tabloids is 1,933,240 a day, or an increase over the total tabloid circulation of 1921 of 1,597,091. The present combined circulation of these three tabloids is almost equal to the combined circulation of all the "respectable" papers in the city, exclusive of the three Brooklyn papers. The Herald-Tribune, Journal of Commerce, Times, Wall Street Journal, World, Post, Evening World, Sun and Telegram, have a combined advantage of only about 3,000 copies a day among them.

During these six years, numerous changes have taken place in the field of standard size journalism. four papers having been bought and combined with others. Those which suffered this fate were the Globe, Mail, Herald and Commercial, which had in 1921 a combined circulation of 533,260. In every case, the combination has resulted in a loss of readers. Thus the Sun and the Globe had, in 1921. 87,127 more readers than the combined paper has at present. The merging of the Mail and Telegram has resulted in a loss of 78,330 readers. The Herald and the Tribune together had 43,862 more readers than the Herald-Tribune has in 1927. The present Journal of Commerce has fewer subscribers by 15,104, than read this paper and the New York Commercial, separately, in 1921.

If we examine the combined circulation of those "respectable" papers which have survived, we find that they have lost only about 175,000 readers. In 1921 they were publishing 1,580,642 papers. In 1927, their combined circulation was 1,940,774 This is an increase of 360,000, against which must be set the loss of 533,000 circulation represented in the four journals which have disappeared.

In other words, the tabloids have gained 1,597,091, while the respectable standard size papers were losing only 175,000. It is impossible to say, therefore, that the tabloids have made most of their gains at the expense of better journalism. Neither have they taken readers, in important quantities from the standard size papers owned by Mr. Hearst. In the six-year period, his New York American has lost 70,031 subscribers, but his Evening Journal has gained 36,906, leaving him with a net loss of only 33,125.

We can now see just what has happened in New York in this period. The tabloids have gained 1,597,091 readers. All other papers combined have lost about 200,000 readers. The normal growth of the city has added in that length of time 32,000 families. Give the tabloids all these new readers and the benefit of all the losses to standard journalism, and you are still left with the conclusion that they have persuaded fully 1,330,000 per-

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buy newspapers every day, who never bought them before. What, one wonders, did the persons in this vast army do with their time before they developed this new and major passion? Did they go to the movies? Read the novels of Harold Bell Wright? Or merely sit in the subway (at present the great rallying-place of tabloid readers) and chew gum? It is a fascinating query, but one which space forbids us to pursue further. We are here concerned only to point out that facts do not sustain the contention of the gloomy prophets who argue that the tabloids are seducing away readers of other newspapers and that respectable journalism may presently dwindle down to nothing.

And yet the tabloid is a genuine menace, and publishers are right in watching its development with some apprehension. These papers assemble readers in very large quantities, a fact which means much to advertisers. Other things being equal, most of these gentlemen prefer to spend their money in one paper with 1,500,000 circulation, rather than in ten papers of 150,000 each. To be sure, other things never *are* equal; but there is certainly no disadvantage, except to the advertiser of very expensive articles, in appealing to the readers of the tabloid, who, to put it politely, have a low boiling point of credulity. Every newspaper lives on its advertising revenue; and if an undue proportion of the money available from this source goes into the coffers of the tabloids, other journals are bound to suffer.

Even more important, from the public's point of view, is the moral effect of the new journalism upon the more conservative branch of the profession. A quarter of a century ago, 90 percent of the influence of Hearst on public manners and morals was exerted, not through the columns of his papers, but through those of his imitators, whose sheets outnumbered his own a hundred to one. In the same manner, we find today that even papers which seem safely beyond the reach of tabloid competition are alarmed by their mushroom growth. and tend to imitate many of their most undesirable characteristics. It is not really true that there is a Gresham's Law of journalism by which the baser metal drives out the true coinage; but since the publishers seem to believe that this is the case, we get, temporarily at least, the same gravely undesirable results.

A World Order in Economics

LOCAL economic problems are so pressing that the task of the International Economic Conference, now meeting at Geneva, may seem remote and unreal. Yet there is scarcely a local or a national economic difficulty which is not conditioned in some way by the international situation. American wheat growers are, like British miners, facing excess of domestic supply in the world markets, combined with a shifting of trade currents. Cotton spinners, in both the United States and Britain, have to reckon with the immense increase of spindles in India, China and Japan, as well as with the growth of the artificial silk industry, not only at home, but in Italy and elsewhere. The attempt to visualize and analyze the situation in the large is part of a process which is likely to become more and more prominent, even if not more and more essential, as time goes on.

The ordinary discussion of such questions makes the assumption that the desirable objective is to "get back to normal," and thinks of "normal" as the conditions existing before 1914. It is true that activities set in motion by the War have created enormous disturbances in economic affairs. The necessity for war production, combined with the severing of the trade routes of peace, led to greatly enlarged capacity for certain industries, and provided stimulus for the growth of some where they had previously been unimportant. Post-war economic nationalism attempted to protect old industries and foster new ones by tariffs, which have been both raised, and rapidly changed. Not only is the general average of duties higher than before, but the number of independent countries, and hence of national barriers across which trade has to move in Europe, has increased from twenty to twenty-nine. Next, the instability of currencies, with inflation and deflation, led to the alternate building up and restriction of industries in the countries affected, and the shifting of trade demands with the phantasmagoria of fluctuating price levels and exchanges. It was only natural to believe, after peace returned and trade routes were reopened, that the international markets would in time adjust themselves to a more stable rhythm, especially if tariffs and other artificial barriers could be moderated by mutual agreement and currencies could be stabilized on the international basis of gold. To achieve these objectives has been the dominating purpose of the more intelligent international bankers, industrialists and statesmen.

Yet it is clearly impossible to return to the status of 1913, and there is no reason to think that the situation of international production and trade existing in that year would be normal today, or indeed at any other period. Suppose for a moment that the War could be unfought, the old national boundaries restored, the store of gold distributed among the financial capitals of the world according to their prewar quotas, and the various burdens of debt and inflation liquidated: there would still be the important changes in industrial technique and economic development to reckon with. A few specific instances may make this clear.

As the exploitation of coal mines continues, the extraction of fuel from the older and deeper veins becomes more expensive and wasteful, thus raising costs, as Stanley Jevons long ago pointed out. At the same time, increasing efficiency in the utilization of coal, plus the development of hydro-electric power, plus the use of fuel oil, especially in ships, reduces the relative demand and the price for coal. You have a world supply greater than a world demand. You have a diminishing call for export coal from the older and more costly mines of Britain—

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a fact which not only reduces her ability to pay for the required imports of food and raw materials, but also interferes with the efficiency of her shipping by reducing the outward cargoes of her ocean carriers. You have the overdevelopment of the coal industry in the United States.

India grows cotton, and also consumes large quantities of cotton goods, as do China and Japan. Why should India have shipped raw cotton to Europe, in order to buy it back again after it has been spun and woven? Only because she lacked the capital and skill to develop her own spinning and weaving, only because China and Japan had not built enough cotton mills. But with an Occident eager to export capital, the growth of cotton manufacturing in the Orient was only a matter of time. The War, to be sure, hastened that growth, but it was bound to take place sooner or later. The long-time tendency is for raw materials to be manufactured where they are found, if markets are also near at hand. We have seen this in the spreading of the cotton industry in the United States from New England to the South.

Farmers long depended on Chile for nitrate, because there were found the chief natural deposits. But now nitrogen-bearing fertilizer can be manufactured cheaply from the air, which is found in Germany as well as in Chile—a fact which takes on significance in view of the expertness of the German electro-chemical industry. Thus occurs a notable change in trade currents.

Something of a mysterious nature, only remotely connected with generals, bankers and Congressmen, happens to reduce the number and area of women's garments, and at the same time to create a demand for the luxury of silk. Many grades of cotton fabric become a drug on the occidental, and particularly the American, market. A little later someone invents rayon, which is enough like silk to satisfy a demand for it among those of smaller income, thus affecting both the cotton and the silk market. These events have international repercussions, especially since rayon can be made in regions which could not so efficiently manufacture cotton.

Countries formerly exploited chiefly as sources of food and raw material become more thickly populated, save and attract more capital, and begin to manufacture a more varied line of products. The prices of land go up, and agricultural exports suffer a disadvantage, due to their higher prices in comparison with the products of newer countries. At the same time, the older countries have more difficulty in supplying these industrially developing nations with imports, in the face of their domestic competition. This process has been observed for more than a quarter century in the United States. It is now taking place with increasing impetus not merely in India and China—which really are mere beginners at the game of exploiting their native resources—but in Australia, which is making more and more of the common necessities of her retail consumers; in New Zealand, where, between 1910 and 1924-5, the physical output of manufactures grew by about 60 percent, and especially in the Union of South Africa, where it more than trebled.

Many more examples of economic shifts could be adduced—such as the lessened demand for shipping, not merely because of changes in ocean trade, but also because of the increased speed, and hence cargo-carrying efficiency, of steamers; the greatly increased demand for sugar following upon prohibition in the United States, which led, first, to large profits and development in cane and beet growing, and second, to overproduction, crises in Cuba, and measures for restriction; the overproduction of rubber after the War, followed by the enormous stimulus to demand created by the spread of the automobile and the balloon tire, and accompanied by restriction of production, international controversy, and development of rubber growing in new regions.

There is no doubt that by reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers, and by stabilization of currencies and exchanges, the total volume of world production and trade would be increased. There is no doubt that such measures, and others tending to broaden the area of economic activities, lead to increased efficiency, through the carrying on of functions where they can most economically be pursued. But would the achievement of the international *laissez-faire* goal end international economic problems, such as those which have been indicated? By no means; as a matter of fact, the heightened speed with which technical and other changes would be allowed to proceed would be likely to increase the discomfort to the establishments, workmen, nations and governments whose positions were adversely affected by the changes. Some sort of international oversight is called for, first, to understand and foresee the fundamental changes likely to take place; second, to regularize and guide them instead of allowing them to vibrate on an unnecessarily destructive course; third, to adjust the disputes arising from them in such a way as to minimize the injuries to those who are being displaced and avoid destructive controversies. Reality can indeed be given to the endeavor to promote fruitful international cooperation and prevent war, by attacking this basic task.

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Park Avenue

PARK Avenue on the island of Manhattan is the end of the American ladder of success. Higher one cannot go. Here comes to anchor at last fortune after fortune, until now the street lays acknowledged claim to the most stupendous aggregation of multimillionaires which the world has ever seen. The spoil of a continent, aye, of the seven seas, is massed along this harsh stone canyon —the winnings from oil, steel, railroads, mining, lumber, motor cars, banking, real estate, moving pictures, foreign trade, speculating, the manufacturing of widgets, the marketing of tooth paste, the distribution of the assets of button kings. The art treasures of Europe and the East—paintings, frescoes, paneling, tapestries, jewels, period furniture—have been imported by the shipload, to make these dollars manifest. The Avenue spends $280,000,000 a year, according to a recent and conservative estimate, and the income of its average family probably exceeds $100,000. The ratios are swollen, furthermore, by the number of Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit princes of finance who maintain apartments on the Avenue, even though they may use them only a few weeks in the year. The connection is a desirable one. Indeed, from every point of view, this street with its park, its flora and fauna, merits our respectful and thoughtful attention. There are no more worlds to conquer. If America has a heaven, this is it.

Park Avenue is parallel to Fifth, and two blocks to the east of it. The last of the ducal families are leaving Fifth—save for a strip opposite Central Park—and the palaces that they reared in the nineties are, after solemn public exhibition, being ignominiously destroyed by profane gentlemen in mud-plastered overalls, to give way to department stores, skyscraper office buildings, and shops devoted to the ultra-exquisite. It is into the social vacuum left by this desecration that Park Avenue has moved, but never, in its palmiest days, did Fifth Avenue boast such serried phalanxes of millionaires. More fashion it may have had, more individuality, more resplendent names bursting above the roof-tops of an adolescent nation—Vanderbilts, Goulds, Astors, Senator Clark and his incredible chateau—but never such solid, crushing and cascading wealth.

We have, indeed, on Park Avenue, the mass production of millionaires. It looks the part. The gaudy individual mansions of the handicraft era have given way to the regimented, standardized and stupendous unit rectangles of quantity production. The Avenue, from Forty-sixth to Ninety-sixth Street, is a succession of monolithic packing cases, each an apartment house from twelve to twenty stories high, sitting with infinite solidity on its full city block. Hardly a terrace, a garden, a portico; nothing to break the relentless line of flat stone profile; not an inch yielded from the property line that meets the sidewalk. One great cube of masonry after another in almost unendurable monotony, save where the Grand Central Station bisects the Avenue neatly at Forty-second Street, and where the Ritz Tower bells upward to the sky. And yet it is a broad and noble street running like an arrow from north to south. From the Grand Central to Fifty-seventh Street, the park space in its center (under which rumble the trains of the New York Central) is dull stone pavement without a touch of green, but from Fifty-seventh north it blossoms into a strip of formal garden with grass and shrubs. Thus there is, in places, a park on Park Avenue, contrary to the philology of most streets.

The width of the Avenue permits of more air and sunlight than perhaps any other New York thoroughfare below Fifty-ninth — Broadway, of course, is a mountain trail compared to it—but of that unique width nothing, or almost nothing, has been made which gives the tired eye rest. The wealth and fashion of the nation lives, in perspective at least, in structures almost as gaunt as factories. Coming nearer, the differences in detail begin to register forcibly. Rolls-Royces parked along the curbings. Glimpses through carved doorways, past marvelously upholstered commissars, into entrance halls of marble, gold and velour. Now and then a glimpse into an interior court, with pointed fir trees fighting for a sunless, carbonated life. Governesses with exotic children; governesses with even more exotic dogs. On some of the monoliths, set-backs, above the fifteenth floor or so; set-backs promising sumptuous apartments with light from east and west, and the possibility of garden terraces.

The Twentieth Century flyer rumbles beneath our feet, the unending masses of the truckless motor traffic pour north on the easterly roadway and south on the westerly. Men with sticks, and the mustaches of British officers, are entering the Racquet and Tennis Club; here and there we pass a woman too beautiful to be true, but the bulk of the pedestrians are ordinary enough, shop girls, salesmen, the rank and file of a great city. For Park Avenue runs a restricted enough course, between the great stores and offices to the west and the dingier traffic of Lexington Avenue, with its subway, to the east.

Beyond its immense solidity, it betokens—nothing. The gates of this heaven are massive, but not pearly. The pearls lie inward, back of the defense of the relentless walls.

Within the limits of standardized steel and veneer masonry construction, the apartments do what they can. One hears of a single bathroom in jade and gold costing $35,000. One hears of "duplex roof" apartments, which are really separate houses perched on the tops of the monoliths, with light on

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four sides, renting as high as $40,000 a year. Mr. Adolph Zukor leases nine rooms at $4,000 per room. Twenty thousand dollars a year for space below the roof is a common figure. For the most exclusive section of the Avenue, the average rental is in the neighorhood of $1,500 per room per year. The "coöperative" apartment house, so-called, is here the order of the day. In a coöperative, one buys one's apartments outright. The residents then own the building, roof and walls complete, while the speculative builder, not, it is said, without a smile, steps out of the picture altogether. It costs about $7,500 a room to buy into a coöperative—say, $75,000 for a family home. This is obviously less costly than paying the current rentals, but one bears the not inconsiderable risks of the future of New York real estate. After all, there is a limit to the number of sardines which can be packed in a can.

Even at these princely figures, the Park Avenue resident only spends from 5 to 10 percent of his income for rent or its equivalent, in contrast with the 25 to 35 percent paid by the wage-earner. But a man who needs, according to current market quotations, $25,000 to finance a debutante daughter through one season, must save somewhere.

The most luxurious apartment on the Avenue is held by a bachelor. It is on the roof, and contains a ballroom eighty by forty feet, and a living room two-thirds as spacious. For its lordly floors, rare rugs have been especially woven, while all dressing cabinets have been built into the walls of the bedrooms, so that, when the drawers are closed, the wall design is innocent of all hint of the toilet.

Two modes of furnishings are very chic at the present time—wood paneling, largely imported, piece by piece, from the manor houses of England; and especially constructed bar-rooms with brass rails and beer engines, tiny but complete. . . . In one apartment stands a steel safe seven feet high, and when its owner has turned the combination handles and swung back the massive door, there stands before you, row on row, a collection of rare old vintages and liqueurs, as dazzling as it is priceless.

By and large, the important factor is not the outlay for rent, but for furnishings. One simply is not settled, if the decorations do not reach $100,000—the operation being frequently on the principle of giving the interior decorator *carte blanche*. For the fauna of the Avenue is perhaps equally compounded of real swells, and of butter-and-egg men whose children are destined to be real swells. (Not to mention a liberal sprinkling of apartments reigned over by that particular variety of blonde which gentlemen are said to prefer.) Imported fireplaces are strictly in order, as are beamed and frescoed ceilings. Meanwhile, in order that the master may not grow irritable waiting for his half grapefruit, electric clocks are sunk into kitchen walls, and regulated from the central office. Of servants' bedrooms, the average size is six by eight feet.

For those unduly irritated by the servant problem—in this heaven it is no more settled than upon earth; and for papa and mamma—or popper and mommer—after the children have married and departed, there is the apartment hotel, of which the Ritz Tower is the outstanding exhibit this year. In these, instead of maintaining ten or twelve rooms with a corps of one's own servants, one may live with equal luxury in three or four rooms, the house providing all services, including those of maid and butler, with meals served in one's rooms or in the exquisite restaurant below. For this snug home life, one pays in the neighborhood of $3,000 per room per year in rental alone.

There are in the United States today more than 15,000 millionaires. Two hundred and seven individuals paid taxes on an income of a million dollars or more in 1926—the greatest number on record. Even the fabulous earnings during the War did not produce such a crop of million-dollar incomes. At the head of the list stands Mr. Henry Ford, with a private fortune of some $300,000,000, and sole ownership of the Ford Motor Company, for which Mr. J. W. Prentiss has on three separate occasions tendered one billion dollars. Thus Mr. Ford's total resources are in the neighborhood of $1,300,000,000 (in which both his son Edsel and Mrs. Ford share). The second greatest fortune is undoubtedly that of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the third, probably, that of Mr. Andrew J. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury. There are at least a score of individuals worth one hundred millions or more. There are more multi-millionaires in the United States than in all the rest of the world combined, even if we include the quasi-governmental wealth of the princes of India and the East. Columbus revealed a continent which was destined to be richer by milliards than that he sought. Richer in money, if not in craftsmanship and beauty.

Of our 15,000 millionaires, nearly 4,000 live in Greater New York, an unparalleled concentration, and it is safe to estimate that the overwhelming majority live on Park Avenue or its immediate vicinity. We note apartment houses with sixty millionaires under a single roof! Along the whole stretch of the Avenue, perhaps 3,000 are on exhibition, while another thousand have the spending of the income on a million—$50,000 and upwards a year. And spend it. For here live the ultimate Joneses; if we can keep up with them, life has no further crowns, no further penalties. Through the service entrances, and up the service elevators, pours the quintessence of what money can buy. Lorelei Lee, we remember, turned back contemptuously from all the capitals of Europe, and headed straight for Park Avenue, the only spot from which shopping could be conducted properly. Nor could one ask for a sounder judge of values.

What the gross volume of that shopping is has recently been summarized by no other authority than the Park Avenue Association itself. Between

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Thirty-fourth and Ninety-sixth Street—a distance of about three miles—there live some 16,000 persons—roughly, 4,000 families. For the year 1927, the Association expects them to spend the staggering total of $280,000,000, or $70,000 per family. The average income, after allowing for savings and reinvestments, is probably in excess of $100,000. Well may the Association say that "Park Avenue leads the world in concentrated buying power." Nothing like it has ever been seen on earth before.

The Association goes on to give us the details of that gargantuan spending, being careful to point out that its estimates are probably 25 percent below the actual figures, in order to state the case conservatively. In the aggregate, 4,000 women and their daughters will spend $85,000,000 for clothes of all kinds—about $21,000 per family, including one mother and one daughter. Fathers and sons will spend about $18,000,000 for clothes—a little more than one-fifth of the outgo for the women—say, $4,500 to tailors and shirt-makers, per family. What it costs to maintain a wife who keeps up with the procession could scarcely be better demonstrated. Let the young man of fashion budget his own outlay for clothes, multiply it by five, and see if he is prepared to meet the Park Avenue standard!

The total outlay for rent and furnishings, including pictures and antiques, is over $58,000,000, about $15,000 per family. For food and restaurants, the Avenue will spend $32,000,000, or $8,000 per family. For jewelry, it will spend $20,000,000, $5,000 per family. For motor cars and garaging, $16,000,000, $4,000 per family. For travel, $15,000,000; for beautifying and perfumes, $8,000,000; for yachts, $7,000,000; for theaters and cabarets, $5,000,000 (an absurdly low estimate, says the Park Avenue Association); for flowers, candy, and gift things, $10,000,000.

And for charity, which covereth all, $5,000,000.

The Association discreetly refrains from estimating the total spent for liquor, but the New York World, following the same system of statistical analysis, computes an outlay of $15,000,000, or just under $4,000 per family.

The principles of modern merchandising have not been overlooked, meanwhile, in respect to diverting this golden Niagara into deserving channels. Indeed, it is probably the chief purpose of the Park Avenue Association to husband that diversion. The machinery therefor is not without interest. The Association is the creation of one H. Gordon Duval, and it consists of two branches. The "residential division" is the high-hat branch, and is composed of residents of the Avenue, who pay $26 a year dues in the interest of architecture and exclusiveness. When a bus route threatens its dignity, Mr. Duval, buttressed by legal counsel and a delegation of members, appears in high indignation before the City Board of Estimate. What board could fail to listen sympathetically to the accredited representatives of 3,000 millionaires?

The other, and less exalted division, is composed of some 1,200 merchants who live on or near the Avenue. Each pays $52—just twice the high-hat rate—and by way of compensation, it is stipulated in the bond that each member merchant shall be loaned a list of names, addresses and telephone numbers of those who live on the planet's gaudiest thoroughfare. So diligent has been the use made of these lists that some of the listees are beginning to protest. They allege that when they are not answering the telephone in connection with a new shipment of Harris tweeds, they are blunting paper cutters opening letters from the Adorable Model Co., Inc. Thus Mr. Duval would seem to be in danger of having a schism on his hands. But a man who can [illegible]e 3,000 millionaires abreast will doubtless be [illegible]han equal to the occasion.

[illegible]ed, to live on or near the Avenue places one automatically on the key "sucker list" of the country. It is one of the responsibilities of the office. (If the phrase offends, "plucking the lilies" may be substituted, on the suggestion of the Better Business Bureau.) To suckers or lilies—please yourself—the glad tidings are brought, by a staggering postman, of beauty salons, night clubs, investment opportunities, facilities for the chemical analysis of alcoholic beverages, flowers, pearls, exclusive marble mausoleums with embalming services included, drives for unnumbered charities, motor cars with long and haughty hoods, insurance, round-the-world tours, perfumes to blend with our personalities, auctions of genuine antiques (early English is the latest on the Avenue), French models for the little ones (a charming frock for a 6-year-old, and only $125). Recently the file containing the mail matter sent out by a stock-selling promoter to *one* prospective customer was analyzed. The file weighed eleven pounds and represented ninety-one different mailings. One hundred and twenty-five envelopes were used. There were forty-one letters, seventy-nine multigraphed pages, fifty-two newspaper enclosures, thirty-four return post cards and seventy-two subscription blanks. The cost of the printing alone was estimated at $29.26.

To many dwellers on the Avenue, success has come from spirited salesmanship. To become now the target, rather than the arm that bends the bow, may be occasionally annoying, but is understandable. It is enough to cap the pyramid of the power which turns a million wheels, and animates a hundred million breasts. Here the American dollar reaches its dizziest point. To the towering and relentless rectangles of this street, the richest nation which the world has ever seen consecrates its cash balance, develops its personality in ten easy lessons, reads the confessions of those who have climbed to the stars from one suspender, improves its table manners, learns the rite of the cocktail, consolidates button factories, makes the sign of the cross with Mr. Bruce Barton, buys for a raise, and dedicates its life.

STUART CHASE.

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Big Incomes and Small Taxes

IT was a common prediction, when the surtax rates on personal incomes were at the high war rates, that a reduction thereof would bring greater revenues. In support of this prediction, those who made it now point to the fact that 206 individuals in 1916 returned incomes of $1,000,000 or over, that in 1917 such returns fell off to 141, in 1918 to 67, and in 1921 there were only 21 such returns. They increased to 67 in 1922, in 1924 there were 75, in 1925, 207. It is claimed that these reductions and increases correspond to the reductions and increases in the surtaxes in an inverse order.

While the correspondence is not always uniform, it must be admitted that in a general way the statement is correct. Also, while there are some fluctuations in the incomes of moderate size, the difference is not nearly so great in proportion as are the changes in rates. If nothing else were to be considered but these statistics, those who persistently advocate lower rates for the great incomes would be justified in claiming that their contention is supported by the facts. There are, however, several other matters which affected these returns, and were, in fact, the features which principally controlled them.

The comparison between the returns on large and on moderate incomes needs to be examined, to ascertain whether it furnishes any support for the conclusion cited. Naturally, these incomes, consisting in large part of salaries, did not vary so much as those in the highest brackets; yet there was a variation, on the same lines. Thus the number of the incomes from $10,000 to $15,000 fell off, from over 97,000 in 1919, to a little over 80,000 in 1921, and in 1924 increased to over 113,000. Upon full consideration, we shall find that the main cause that brought about these changes in the returns, on both large and moderate incomes, was the same: first a decrease, and next an increase, in the national income. In 1918, the total income of the United States was estimated at a little over $60,000,000,000. In 1921, it had decreased to about $52,000,000,000. Then the up-turn followed. By 1923, the total had reached nearly $70,000,000,000, and it is now probably between $80,000,000,000 and $90,000,000,000. This was not the only cause of the variation in the returns of great incomes, but it was the main cause. In order to be fair, however, some other matters should be considered.

In the years 1916, 1917 and 1918, stocks yielded an extraordinary nominal return. In these years, also, great fortunes were being created, by reason of profits on war contracts, often with only a slight original investment. The portion of these profits subject to personal income tax, however, was not nearly so great after 1916. Beginning with 1917, and continuing until 1922, an excess profits tax was levied which, during the War, applied not only to corporation profits but to partnership profits also; the rates of this, graded according to the profit, went as high as 80 percent. This excess profits tax, being deducted from the income before the personal income tax was computed, greatly reduced the amount of incomes to be listed by individuals. This was true whether the profit was made by a partner or came, through a corporation, in the form of dividends. This explains, in part, the great reduction in the number of returns in the high brackets during the War.

Toward the latter part of the War, these contracts became less profitable, and after the War the profits on government contracts almost entirely disappeared. The post-war deflation, which was probably inevitable, left a trail of ruin in business circles. The great corporations were especially affected by the depression, which reached its climax in 1921, when stocks reached a very low level. All this could have only one result: a great reduction in the number and amount of incomes reported in the higher brackets. This is the true reason why only twenty-one incomes over $1,000,000 were reported in 1921. Since 1921, as before observed, the national income has been steadily rising, and the number of both small and large returns has increased. The large returns, consisting to a slight extent of salaries and about 60 percent of returns of dividends on stocks, are affected far more by the improvement in business conditions and showed the greater increase. As Secretary Mellon says in his report for 1925:

> The price deflation and severe business depression during 1920-21 were material factors in the decline in income taxes during the fiscal years 1921 and 1922.

There can be no doubt that these two factors mentioned by the Secretary are the main causes in the change in the higher brackets and that the reduction in taxes has had comparatively little to do with it, except in one instance. This is found in the change from the rates of the Act of 1924 to those of 1926, by which the maximum surtaxes were cut in two. So great a reduction undoubtedly led to the distribution of very large amounts of dividends, from close corporations, which had been withheld in the expectation that the surtaxes would be reduced. These dividends, when distributed, went largely into taxable incomes in the higher brackets.

It must be admitted that some other matters have had some influence in decreasing the returns

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under consideration, although to a far smaller degree. Everyone will concede that when surtaxes are quite high, there is a greater inducement to evade taxes, either legally or illegally, than when they are low. Indeed, it has often been said that business men will not pay high surtaxes and cannot be compelled to pay them. This is not a very complimentary statement, but there is a measure of truth in it. The income tax law, as originally drawn, was full of loopholes. Although they are fewer, it has many still. While the maximum surtaxes have been greatly lowered, it is quite clear that there is a class whose members are still endeavoring to escape the income tax by every device which will not in the end subject them to penalties instead of resulting to their advantage. A common method is by the incorporation of investment companies, of which the stockholders are all members of one family. Often, nearly all the stock is owned by one individual, the other stockholders being dummies. This method of evasion has gone far. It is reported that some motion picture actors who receive extremely large incomes have created corporations, of which nearly all the stock is owned by themselves, and by which they are ostensibly employed at a moderate salary. A recent newspaper article stated that there were over 11,000 one-man corporations in New York alone. This number is probably a guess, but that, in the United States as a whole, the number is very large there can be no question. Whether taxes are high or low, there are always a large number who evade them. An outstanding example is found in the direct taxes on intangible property which are levied by most states and intended to be paid by owners of notes and securities. Since this class of property is difficult to trace, the greater part of these taxes are evaded by the simple process of making no return of such property, or returning only a small part thereof.

The allowance made for losses caused by the sale of assets held for more than two years, above referred to, was, prior to 1922, the cause of a great loss of revenue to the government. Until the revenue act of 1921 went into effect, gains from the sale of capital assets were taxed at the same rate as other income, and losses on sales thereunder were added to the other deductible losses. This situation enabled the taxpayer to get credit for his losses whenever he chose; and by not selling when he had a profit, he avoided the tax on his gains. While this situation prevailed, the government lost enormously by this system of taxation. If it had not been changed, it would have been better to follow the English plan, to levy no tax on capital gains and give no allowance for capital losses. The Act of 1921, however, provided that capital gains should be taxed at not to exceed 12.5 percent, the allowance for capital losses not to exceed the same amount. The amount now received by the government from the tax on capital gains under this provision is very much larger than the allowance for capital losses, although a business depression might change this situation. Payers of big income taxes have practically worked out this method of reducing their taxes. Nearly all of this class, at various times, have held investments that had turned out to be unprofitable and securities that had become practically worthless; and most of these stocks were sold when the higher rates prevailed. The provisions of the 1921 act closed what had been a very large opening for escape from taxes, and the rates have remained unchanged since. In 1925, nearly $30,000,000 was collected in taxes on this class of profits, from those having incomes in excess of $1,000,000 each.

The high surtaxes, naturally, caused those who received large incomes to increase their investments in tax-exempt securities; but this class had heavy investments in such securities before the income tax was enacted. A report of the Federal Trade Commission shows that corporations, insurance companies, and trust companies have been large purchasers of these securities, and that a considerable portion of the total amount issued is held by persons who pay but little income tax. In recent years, the taxpayer has been obliged to file a return showing the amount of tax-exempt securities held by him. While the amount held by the very wealthy is large, it is not as large as had been supposed, and there is no evidence in the last few years that it has markedly increased or decreased. Investments in tax-exempt securities partly caused the decline in the number of large income returns up to 1921, but only to a slight extent. Since that time, they have had little effect on the situation.

The most striking feature of our experience with taxation is that, notwithstanding all the hue and cry set up to the effect that business is depressed by excessive taxation or benefited by a reduction, business has gone on very much the same. Every student of economics knows how profits would be increased by such a great inflation of currency and credits as prevailed during the war period and for some time thereafter; but the enormous amounts collected by the government during the war period from income and excess profits taxes—especially the latter—did not cause a decline in business. There was no serious decline in business until 1920, and in the latter part of that year, and the first half of 1921, the decline was very sharp. But reduction in taxes had begun in 1918, by removing the excess profits tax from partnerships, and in 1919 by reducing the minimum rates of that tax on corporations from 30 percent to 20 percent and its maximum rates from 80 percent to 40 percent. The corporation tax for 1919 was also reduced, from 12 percent to 10 percent. None of these reductions had any effect in checking the decline in business or the dwindling returns in the higher brackets.

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The cessation of war's demands caused a great surplus of all kinds of products to be dumped on the markets of the world. The bottom fell out of prices. When this was accompanied by a drastic deflation of credits, on the part of the Federal Reserve Banks, the extraordinary business depression of 1921 was inevitable.

The rate of corporation income taxes was fixed at 12.5 percent for 1922 and not changed until the enactment of the present law in 1926, when the rate was increased to 13 percent for 1925 and 13.5 percent for 1926, to balance the removal of the capital stock tax. After 1923, the total collections from individuals and corporations in taxes on profits began to rise. They fell off slightly in 1925, but rose again in 1926 (fiscal years). The taxes returned (as distinguished from the actual collections) increased in 1922 over 1921, and thereafter continued to rise. This was because the business pendulum, which had swung too far in the wrong direction, has been returning. All through this period, business continued to improve. We find that there are, in fact, exceptions to Chief Justice Marshall's maxim, that "The power to tax is the power to destroy." It does not apply to taxes which take only a percentage of profit, since there is always a profit left.

The all-important fact is that the civilized world has come to a new era in taxation. Seemingly unobserved, the science of taxation has been revolutionized by the Great War. Formerly, the great bulk of taxes was obtained from those who were least able to bear the burden. The exigencies of the War forced profit taxes on all the great powers except England, which had had an income tax for more than a hundred years. Even that nation was compelled to expand its tax greatly. The European nations which took part in the Great War could not now dispense with this tax if they wanted to. Our country could, but there is little likelihood that it will. The agitation in favor of the sales tax, which a few years ago was being carried on very vigorously, seems to have died out. The income tax, as at present levied in the United States, is not unduly burdensome either to business or to individuals who work with hand or brain. Extensive modifications are not likely to be made in it, for our government expenses, as the country develops, are not likely to be lessened. It is at last beginning to dawn upon the statesmen of the world that the greater part of taxes should be levied according to ability to pay out of profits. Unfortunately, the general public does not understand who ultimately pays the taxes when this principle is disregarded, and legislators do not always realize that to levy taxes so as to increase the burdens of those who are already struggling to meet the necessities of life is to injure the greatest and best asset of the state—the useful citizen. Nor is this all. By injury to the masses, business is injured, for the damage works in a never-ending circle, involving rich and poor alike.

But old abuses are endured because they seem inevitable, while new methods are viewed with distrust. The new science of taxation is yet to be written, and it will be some time before it will be generally accepted, but its principles can be demonstrated through its results.

"POLITICAL ECONOMIST."

The Monkey Bill Comes to Missouri

MISSOURI is a state not unknown to fame. It is noted for its ancient breed of indestructible mules. The whole world is aware of the incredulity of its inhabitants. It is the home of Jim Reed. Also, it has just gone through an experience which threatened another and unpleasant sort of notoriety—and one, moreover, which would have contradicted the report that Missourians can't be fooled. The state came near to repeating Tennessee's experience, in an episode which began as a jest of bored newspaper men, and quickly moved on to the grimmest reality. To be explicit, a little group of members of the lower chamber of the State Legislature, who stood fast and voted "No," were all that saved the schoolhouses of Missouri from being padlocked against the teachings of modern science, as a result of an innocently intended caprice of the journalists. The latter looked on, wtih the customary "mixed emotions," while the bill was debated before the largest crowd which had made its appearance in the legislative halls in twenty years. Seven special trains and five dining cars brought thousands from St. Louis into Jefferson City, the capital, for the debate, while additional coaches were added to the regular trains from Kansas City and the other towns. Hotel rooms were at a premium in the little capital town, and rooms with private families were impossible to obtain. The two town brothels did a land-office business.

The hall of the House, built to seat the hundred and fifty members and approximately three hundred visitors, was packed with several times that number, while thousands were refused admission and waited in the rotunda of the new $10,000,000 capitol for news of the decision. The friends and families of the members filled the galleries and even the aisles of the floor of the House, while the six-hour debate progressed.

The bill, which resembled the epoch-making measure in Tennessee, was conceived by H. W. Drake, legislative correspondent for one of the chief jour-

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nals of Kansas City, mainly as a source of amusement for himself and his associates, during what he feared would prove to be an extraordinarily dull session. As "author" of the bill, he selected Uncle Sam D. MacDaniel of Pineville, MacDonald County, tall, gaunt, tobacco-chewing, marksman at the backwoods art of expectoration, and a firm believer in the Ozark dogma that a necktie is a totally unnecessary piece of masculine adornment. Uncle Sam has worn a necktie on several occasions, but rarely in the pursuit of his legislative duties.

"Hell, don't take my picture, boys, I'll have to buy me a new necktie," is what he told the news photographers when they came to get him as author of the evolution bill.

Uncle Sam felt that he needed assistance in handling the bill, so he selected Charles C. Jackson of Thayer, Oregon County, another firm fundamentalist, to aid him in saving "our honest, good, righteous folk from the teachin's of the devil."

Both Jackson and MacDaniel expressed their willingness to introduce the bill. In fact, Uncle Sam said he had considered introducing the measure of his own accord, but doubted its passage. Drake and the other gentlemen of the Fourth Estate assured the legislators that the bill would make them famous in Missouri, and ought to get them in the state Senate. Famous they certainly are! Perhaps no two men have been "cussed and discussed" as much, in Missouri, as this pair. Comparatively unknown prior to the introduction of their bill, they are now regarded as great statesmen. They may yet reach the Senate, in spite of the fact that their measure was defeated.

The bill was introduced, and the dailies carried the news to their readers. Then the troubles of Drake and those originally responsible for the measure began. Letters began pouring in to the members by the hundreds, demanding that the assemblymen vote this way or that on the measure. As a rule, those opposed were urban members, while the farmers and natives of the Ozarks demanded that "our children be protected from these here professors." Not all the fundamentalists in Missouri are in the rural districts, however. One St. Louis musician composed a battle song entitled "The Tale of the Tail." This was used as propaganda by the authors, distributed among the House members, and sung in the hall before the vote.

The measure came up in committee, where it seemed to have about an even chance of survival. The newspaper men asked that it be reported out, and assured the powers that be that the bill would never pass. The "authors," asked if they wanted to see their bill die in committee, announced that they most certainly would not! The chairman of the Committee on Education, W. E. Freeland, to which the question had been referred, was consulted. Mr. Freeland was sorry: he personally was opposed to the bill, but the other committee members were in favor of it. It was reported out.

The situation began to appear serious. If the bill should really get by the House, it would pass in the Senate, since the upper house contains so many mountaineers nd backwoodsmen. Therefore, a barrage of h tile news stories and editorials was laid down. o no effect; if anything, the proponents becar firmer in their intention to see to it that it went to a quick vote.

Other members, university graduates, and those known to be personally opposed to such legislation, were then seen by the alarmed friends of freedom in the school. The former were very sorry. It was regrettable that such a piece of legislation had been introduced, but their constituents were threatening them with political death if the bill was beaten, and they were helpless.

At last came the fatal day when the "monkey bill" was up for passage. For the first time during the session, not a single member of the lower chamber was reported absent. The hall was jammed beyond breathing space. The procedure moved slowly for a while, and then came the efforts to amend. Representative C. P. Turley, of Carter County, proposed the following amendment, which was given serious consideration:

> That the bill be made effective for those counties whose people, by a majority vote, have rejected, and still reject, the findings of scientific research for the last 400 years, who believe that the earth is flat, that the sun travels around the earth, that storms at sea are caused by monsters of the deep, and that an epileptic person is possessed of a devil.

Amid shouts of laughter, the amendment was ruled out by Speaker E. H. Winter as being "foreign to the question on the floor."

Representative C. C. Rens, of St. Louis, then sought to amend the measure by providing that the penalty for violation be "thirty days or forty nights in the St. Louis Zoo." This was followed by an amendment by A. E. Whitecotton, of Monroe County, making the law's effective date "the year 2000." On interrogation, he explained that "this will give sufficient time for the provisions of the bill to sink into the minds of the people of Missouri." Both amendments were ruled out.

Just as MacDaniel was concluding a fiery address for the bill and denouncing the newspapers for their opposition, "Joe Scopes," a large monkey, rented for the occasion by the newspaper men and several of the young members of the House, made his appearance in the upper gallery, directly over the Speaker's head. The simian looked on for a few moments, seemingly in amazement at the antics of the humans on the lower floor, scratched his head, and attempted to hide in his owner's sweater. Both monkey and man were ordered arrested by Speaker Winter, but the order was never enforced by the sergeants-at-arms, convulsed with laughter.

The appearance of "Joe Scopes" and a stirring and intelligent appeal for sanity by Jerome Walsh, son of Frank P. Walsh, the noted lawyer, and him-

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self one of the most astute and rising young politicians west of the Mississippi, brought the matter to a climax, and the debate to a close. Walsh then moved the previous question, and the roll call was breathlessly taken.

At this point, six members got up and left the Chamber. Intelligence, and their inclinations, called for a negative vote, but they knew that he "who fails to vote and runs away may be returned another day."

The atmosphere was tense as the clerk called the roll. Everyone in the hall was keeping a personal check to see how the members were voting as the ayes and nays were called out. At last a sigh of relief was heard. The bill was beaten, 82 to 62.

Missouri politicians take jokes very seriously.

THOMAS VAN DYCKE.

The Translation

Ant and shrew
And marmot, going
Safely there,
The time of mowing

Comes tomorrow.
Meadow lark
And banded snake,
Then the dark

Sky will fall—
What is green
Above you now
No more be seen.

What is single
Will divide.
And as you run
The other side

Of all the world
Will drop its blue
As if it looked
For none but you.

Toad and cricket,
Worm and mouse,
You will find
Another house

That not a hand
Was here to build.
My own sky
Has never spilled,

Right and left,
And shown a new one.
Night and day
Mine is the true one—

Would it were not,
And could lie
Thus to the sickle
As I die.

MARK VAN DOREN.

Washington Notes

EVERY few days now, some pie-hungry Republican politician who drifts in here, or some eager writer for an administration newspaper or magazine, discovers new evidence of the inevitability of the Coolidge candidacy for another term. As to the Coolidgean desire to hold hard to the job, regardless of history, precedent and tradition, there has at no time been the slightest doubt. Nor has anyone with so much as a trace of practical political intelligence ever seriously questioned his ability to secure renomination —if he could gain the courage to go after it. There has never been a period in our political history when, through the power and prestige of the presidency and the sheer weight of the federal machine, the White House incumbent could not dominate his party convention and, if determined upon that course, secure his own renomination. Particularly is this true of the Republican party, which in the southern states has always been in the hands of more or less venal Negroes, easily influenced by federal patronage, and always controlled by the appointing power. When, fifteen years ago, the redoubtable Roosevelt, in the full tide of his popularity and strength, was unable to prevent the renomination of William Howard Taft, it was certainly proved for all time that any President can renominate himself. The odds are irresistible.

No one above the mental grade of a six-year-old child has ever had any doubt that Mr. Coolidge can bring about his renomination this time, far more easily than could Mr. Taft in 1912. There is no one in sight comparable to Roosevelt, no aspirant or contender with any large degree of national sentiment or enthusiasm behind him. It is a walk-over, so far as the convention is concerned, if it seems wise to Mr. Coolidge to push his luck. Neither Lowden, Dawes nor any other hero on the horizon can make a respectable fight. Better than anyone else, Hiram Johnson can tell how hopeless it would be to try.

There has never been any doubt about these things. The only doubt has been as to Mr. Coolidge's willingness to take the general risk involved in the effort to break the anti-third-term tradition, and stay in the White House longer than George Washington. As he is inherently lacking in political courage, and accustomed to campaigning only when the odds are overwhelmingly in his favor, those who have studied Coolidge's career and know best the curious lack of struggle and the safety-first methods which have stamped it from the Amherst days have been, until recently, convinced that he will not take the chance. Some still are. I myself felt that way up to a few weeks ago. It has been hard to convince oneself, thinking the situation over, that this neutral-tinted, machine-made little man who, to the knowledge of his oldest and most intimate acquaintances, has not in an entire lifetime broken a single political or social convention, who never departed from the beaten path in any direction, who has never been known to say or do an original or an unusual thing, who has avoided risks and won his way by inaction, who is colorless, cautious, conservative and conventional to an incredible degree—it is hard to convince oneself that such a drab little man as this could deliberately plan to upset one

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of the great historic American traditions, disregarding the example of Washington and Jefferson, and succeed where Roosevelt and Grant failed.

It is one of those things that simply seem too absurd to discuss seriously. Yet the truth is, it is not very much more absurd than the fact that he should be President at all. Such are political conditions in the country today and to such an extent have ideas and ideals disappeared from our political life, that the thing is not actually absurd at all but entirely probable. Some time ago I confessed in this place that my idea was that when the time came for Mr. Coolidge to decide, he would funk the jump and yield to the tradition because the danger in trying to break it was too apparent. I have begun to weaken. There were several things that I did not fully realize. One of these is that the meat upon which he has been fed for nearly five years has now unquestionably increased his self-esteem and given him a degree of self-confidence he never before possessed. This is due almost entirely to the tremendously sustaining newspaper and periodical press support which, regardless of an unparalleled exhibition of futility in dealing with Congress, and the extreme fakiness of his economy claims, has never so much as wavered.

Another thing I did not fully grasp is that the great power of the presidency, and the exalted nature of the job itself, have diminished that feeling of political subservience which, throughout his career in Massachusetts, was a marked characteristic of the man and an unquestioned factor in his advancement by the Massachusetts Republican machine under the late Murray Crane. He has lost that air of political subservience. For one thing, there is no one to whom he can be subservient; for another, the power in his hand is too vast to make the feeling tenable. He had to lose it. It is also true that the steady diet of journalistic apple sauce, and the heavy eulogies of the Judge Gary type of citizen, have, beyond doubt, had a certain effect upon Mr. Coolidge personally. My belief is that he has come to the point where, for the first time in his long political career, he has made up his mind to try smashing a precedent. Of course, the absence of anything like formidable opposition in his own party, and the prospective split in the other party, should a Catholic wet be named, rather minimize the chance he proposes to take. But it does seem clear to me now that practically all pretense has been thrown aside, that he is openly seizing the nomination with both hands.

It is hardly worth while to comment here upon the various incidents and events, conferences, conversations and appointments which make it plain that the momentous decision has been reached. Most of these have already been dwelt on at length in sympathetic and friendly fashion by the daily press. There is, however, one piece of evidence which, to my cold judicial mind, seems perhaps more significant and conclusive than anything else, and yet has escaped general notice. Not for two months now has a picture of Mr. Coolidge appeared anywhere in which he has not worn a beaming smile. The presidential countenance was literally wreathed in smiles when photographed at the United Press dinner in New York two weeks ago. He smiled when his picture was taken with the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington. He smiled broadly when snapped in conference with a Red Cross group discussing the Mississippi flood sufferers, and again smiled with the Pan-American aviators who called at the White House, and with the ladies of the League of Women Voters with whom he shook hands.

With another President—with Taft, or Roosevelt, Harding or Wilson—this might be natural enough, but not with Mr. Coolidge. God made him an unsmiling creature. Laughter, so far as he is concerned, is a completely lost art. If there is anyone around the White House, or in Washington, or anywhere else, who has ever heard Mr. Coolidge really laugh, I have not been able to find him. Those new smiles are therefore politically significant. They are inspired by the same feeling that caused him suddenly to develop a love of fishing last summer in the Adirondacks, when his real opinion about fishing is that it is "child's play" and not worth while for a grown man. What has happened is that the little group of intimate advisers by whom he is surrounded at the White House considers it good politics to depict Mr. Coolidge at this time as a more genial and jovial soul than God made him. It is considered good business for him to smile—and so he smiles. I wish he would not do it. I like his face in repose better, and I do not get enthusiastic over it then. But that smile of his is a painful thing to look at. Any close examination reveals its forced and false nature. He does not know how to smile, and he ought not to try it.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Sacred and Profane Love

Caponsacchi, by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer. Based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Hampden Theater, October 26, 1926.

The Cradle Song, by Martinez Sierra. Forrest Theater, May 9, 1927.

IF we had a plethora of poetic or even sensitive plays on Broadway, Mr. Walter Hampden's production of the play based on Browning's famous long poem of Pompilia's death and the trial of the priest Caponsacchi and Count Guido Franceschini might pass unnoticed. But even a hint of the poetic is something to be thankful for, and even the will toward some beauty of conception and some elevation of pitch is welcome. For many people, "Caponsacchi" is well worth seeing.

The poetry of "Caponsacchi" is of the Browning sort, and hardly that at its best. There is the feministic vision of love enveloping the whole incident, that sublimation of the love passion that so many people once found so stimulating and comforting, and that even yet has its public. This Browning theme of love is a furthering of the romantic love best expressed in Dante, by him carried forever to its last divine beauty and intensity, and later made beautiful and glamorous by Shakespeare and the poets of the Renaissance. To my mind, this Browning treatment of love lacks that exquisite and subtle luminosity and intensity, though it may have a certain romantic and obvious analysis, a certain sentimental absorption and a stylistic twist that gives the impression of the intellectual. However that may be, it is the Browning conception of love that lifts this play of "Caponsacchi" into an air of spiritual beauty, romanticizes and

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sanctifies its melodrama, and pushes its dramatic theme into that effect of philosophy and preaching so beloved of Browning followers. Through all the story that the trial reveals, of Pompilia's murder and the two men who share in her pitiful history, this poetic seriousness exists, and finally, at the last curtain, when Caponsacchi is left alone with his thoughts, breaks into a soliloquy setting forth his soul's aspiration and grief; though I must confess I had more sense of stylistic torment and over-evident complications of imagery than of any spiritual profundity. For my part, all that moved me in "Caponsacchi" were the simple and constant human values of the situation, the child's innocence, the craft, the complications of the world, the march of the machinery by which society exists. Around all this the Browning treatment seemed to me only a sort of spiritual-analytical pother, always second-rate and in the way.

Dramatically, "Caponsacchi" is refreshingly sound old-style Bowery melodrama. It has a series of suspenses of the first water; we keep thinking matters are safely settled or are terribly disastrous, and from one point of solution go more or less thrillingly on to the next. There is a villain more villainous, more clawing at the air, hook-nosed and evil-eyed than even the Bowery would have the courage to risk, these days, and there are great swathes of virtue, purity, guile and devoted love, not to speak of a touch of history, all in the sound tradition of melodrama. Meanwhile, over all this suspense and stock theatrical excitement, there hangs the mist of deep meaning and God's purpose, which, taken practically as theatrical matter, also has its uses.

But it must be said, to the credit of the poetic, that there enters into these events, into these base and high sentiments and passions, and this pageantry of places and past centuries, a certain mood of beauty. The soul of beauty is at least invoked. And there are moments in "Caponsacchi" that have a degree of reality, notably those first moments after Pompilia's appearance, in which Miss Edith Barrett achieves a genuine pathos and convincingness. As acting, there is only one instance in the entire event that could be taken seriously: Mr. Cecil Yapp as Caponsacchi's friend, Canon Conti, gives an admirable performance. But, to such a play as "Caponsacchi," Mr. Walter Hampden brings what no other actor on our stage could bring. He takes the poetry, the sanctitude, the golden text and the intellectuality of the play in good faith, which is more than either a more able and inspired or a more callous and routine actor could do. All Mr. Hampden's performance is bona fide and sincere, and undertaken with care. He has, moreover, achieved in his company a certain more amiable ensemble spirit and better English than is general in our theater.

For the scene outside Guido's palace in Arezzo, Mr. Claude Bragdon has created an effective design. And there is a carnival scene that can do no harm, at least. It is in the washy style of the Henry Irving carnivals applauded in the nineties. In it you hear people without voices or the knowledge of how to use them trying to be heard in a robust Latin festival; you see actors born joyless trying to be gay, and young ladies calling out like little squeaking dollies from the rout.

The production of "The Cradle Song" by the Spanish company under Señor Martinez Sierra's own direction—in which we may assume that he as author knows what he wants—throws an interesting light on Miss Eva Le Gallienne's venture with this same play in English. On the whole, the comparison leaves the Civic Repertory Theater in a most satisfactory light. The settings for the Spanish production were much better designed for the dramatic mood of their scenes and far better lighted than were those on Fourteenth Street. On the other hand, Miss Le Gallienne's direction, the lay-out of the stage movement, was quite as good as Señor Sierra's and, I thought, at the very last curtain, considerably better. Her final moment, after the girl had gone away and out of the nun's life, had a more touching action and placement on the stage.

The Spanish players, as we might expect, were more at home with the characters, their nuns were a wonderful transcription of life. As actors, they are gifted with more capacity for response than Miss Le Gallienne's actors; their playing results in a far better ensemble and more vivid whole. Señorita Barcena's performance of the nun did not excel Miss Le Gallienne's in a right subordination to the whole, nor in simplicity of design. But she went much further into the part. Her pathos and gentle humor were always beautiful, and the range of emotion that she expressed so quietly was remarkable. I have never seen a lovelier performance in this genre.

The crabbed nun, all rigor, goodness and bad temper, took on, as also might be expected, more of a tang and whiskered-cynic quality, a true Latin portrait. And the portrayal of the doctor most of all served to distinguish the English interpretation from the Spanish.

Mr. Egon Brecher's doctor in the first act of "The Cradle Song" was good enough. It had the quality of a Dutch genre painting, not supreme but fair. His last act was too laborious and lacked grace and philosophy. This doctor that Sierra presented was not stocky but thin, not broad-humored but cool and final. He was not touched up with whimsical oddity or pushed into character drawing, but merged more into the prose of the other human beings around him. He showed not crotchety humors and good-hearted bluntness, but a certain elegance, goodness in disillusion, and a sense of that fatalism of knowledge which we as a race, perhaps, will not admit, or else cover up with sentiment.

STARK YOUNG.

Outline of a Preface

SEVERAL months ago, an enterprising publisher conceived the attractive idea of issuing a fiction version of "Abie's Irish Rose," and asked me if I would write the preface. Before I had time to answer, he informed me that the owners of the play were not, at the moment, interested in disposing of any of their rights. But I have not been able to put the preface out of my mind. Tentatively, I submit this outline:

A. Facts; history of the play, history of criticism of the play, outline of the plot.
B. Dramatic values.
   1. Comparison with Romeo and Juliet.
   2. Is conflict the essence of drama?

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3. Mathematical balance of opposing forces in a play—compare Strife.

C. Literary values.
1. Is the play readable?
a. Is readability a desirable quality?
2. The reality of spoken speech on the stage.
a. The language of the stage Irishman and the stage Jew—its history and development.
b. Does Shylock talk like a Jew?

D. Social values.
1. The inter-racial problem in the United States.
a. Is it serious?
b. Previous solutions.
c. The solution of "Abie's Irish Rose."
(1) Inter-marriage.
(2) Mutual respect and non-interference.
(3) Breakdown of religious observances and tribal customs, especially on the part of the alien—
(4) Christian brotherhood overflowing at thought of Jews eating ham.

E. Created values: Not inherent in the play, but due to the persistence of the play.
1. Creation of a new audience in the theater.
2. Is it a moving-picture audience?
3. What other plays has this audience supported?
a. Imitations of Abie.
b. Plays similar in tone dealing with other subjects.
4. The effect of the play, if any, on the relations between Irish and Jews.
a. Were these relations particularly unpleasant, or, in comparison with the relations between Protestant and Jew, rather agreeable?

F. Popularity.
1. A great love story? Emotional response of audience to love scenes—necking during play.
2. Flattery to Irish and Jew.
a. Each side gets in its "lick"—American sense of fair play.
b. Irish and Jew each shown with integrity and on attractive side.
3. A hymn of hate.
a. Does the audience love "Abie's Irish Rose" because it shows up the enemy?
b. The Jew, inherited from burlesque, always slightly ridiculous.
c. The Irishman, inherited from vaudeville, grossly comic, but essentially superior.
d. The triumph of the Christian ethic of forgiveness, matched by
e. The triumph of the Jews in their "inferiority complex" submission.
f. The Jew in Abie, a Slavic immigrant—therefore
g. A figure of fun to all non-Slavic Jews and to Jews who have acquired a deeper tone of Americanism.
h. The Priest and the rabbi treated with reverence.
(1) Is the rabbi (orthodox) as vital a figure as the priest?

G. The problem of the critics.
1. History of criticism of "Abie's Irish Rose"—universal condemnation.
2. For whom are the critics writing?
3. Can a play find its audience in spite of the critics?
a. If that audience is high-brow and limited in number, or
b. If the play is intended for an entirely non-intellectual audience?
4. Abie as the forerunner of a theater corresponding to the tabloids.
a. Correct in its type of humor.
b. Correct in its moral tone.
5. Is the effectiveness of newspaper criticism in general disproportionate to
a. The intelligence of the critics in dealing with superior plays, and
b. The universal sympathy of the critics in dealing with popular plays?
6. Can the value of a critic be judged by the number of times he predicts correctly the popularity of a play?
7. Can it be judged by the number of times he praises a play which subsequently becomes popular?
8. Are the readers of dramatic criticism sufficiently intelligent to be guided more by the critic's reasons than by the sentence he passes on a play?

H. The national drama.
1. "Abie's Irish Rose," the first universally popular play of modern times.
2. Is it a symptom of decline, and, if so, is it a more dangerous symptom than
a. The Ku Klux Klan?
b. The flood of personal memoirs?
c. The success of the Theater Guild?

GILBERT SELDES.

Where, O Where?

I need not die to go
So far you cannot know
My escape, my retreat,
And the prints of my feet
Written in blood or dew;
They shall be hid from you,
In fern-seed lost
Or the soft flakes of frost.
They will turn somewhere
Under water, over air,
To earth space or stellar,
Or the garret or cellar
Of the house next door;
You shall see me no more
Though each night I hide
In your bed, at your side.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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A New York Diary

The Great American Magician

Since the death of Houdini, Mr. Thurston has been able to emerge into a new prominence as the most conspicuous American magician. After a long period of exile to the road and to the remote uptown theaters, he has reappeared on Broadway and has already had a considerable run. It is quite impossible, however, for Mr. Thurston, who was eclipsed by Houdini living, with his present repertory of tricks to fill Houdini's place. Houdini, probably the most remarkable magician since the nineteenth century Robert-Houdin, the prestige of whose name he borrowed, and not without justifying his arrogance, had, as well as a comprehensive mastery of all branches of conjuring, an intellectual curiosity and a scientific attitude toward his work which took him quite out of the class of the ordinary entertainer. Mr. Thurston has no such distinction; and—what makes him rather unsatisfactory even among mere entertainers—he has come to depend almost exclusively upon "illusions"—that is, making people appear and vanish, "sawing women in two," etc.—and almost entirely neglects sleight-of-hand—that is, the manipulation, usually without apparatus, of cards, billiard balls and coins. There is a beauty and a classical severity about pure sleight-of-hand which make it perhaps the highest department of magic; and Blackstone, the great card expert, and Burling Hull, the billiard ball authority, (author of a highly technical two-volume work on the subject) are, one gathers, more distinguished figures in the world of magic, in the professional estimation of magicians, than Thurston is. Not only is the latter content to confine himself, as has been said, almost exclusively to illusions, but, even in this field, he seems to follow the line of least resistance: his illusions are almost all alike—the disappearance or the production of people in boxes, cabinets, etc.—they depend on the same principles and they tend to become monotonous. Furthermore, the burden of these performances rests, not upon the magician himself, but upon the magicians' assistants. Mr. Thurston does not even present escapes which require, on his own part, remarkable strength and skill, as Houdini always did. He has recently added to his company, for example, a troop of Indian conjurors who perform a version of the Indian Rope Trick of a deplorable ineffectiveness: the boy is made to climb the rope behind a sort of scaffolding, his ascent is obscured by clouds of steam and, when one finally sees, through a window in the scaffolding, that the boy has disappeared, it is equally evident that the upper part of the rope—the part above the sill of the window—has become invisible. (There is a far better version of this trick which is done against a black curtain, but in full view of the audience.) One must compliment Mr. Thurston, however, on a charming performance of a very attractive trick in which a silver ball is made to appear from a dark cabinet, to float in the air in response to the magician's gestures, to rise and sink to the ground like a bubble, to gravitate to the magician's hand and even to follow the magician off the stage and hang above the heads of the audience. But there is still a vacant place in America for a magician of first-rate ability; and Mr. Thurston will have to spur himself to efforts more interesting than his present show if he aspires to succeed to Houdini, to Hermann and to Keller.

Spelling by Ear

Col. T. E. Lawrence, in his "Revolt in the Desert," which is reviewed in this issue by Charles Merz, has revived one fine Elizabethan habit, far too much neglected of late. He has refused to be confined to a mere single spelling of a word, but has permitted himself a generous allotment of variations. In his case, this is true only of proper names; but, of course, the precedent thus courageously established will cast a shadow greater than itself, and we may expect his disciples to proceed to a real cultivation of individualized spelling as a fine art. It is one, as every editor knows, which has always been practised privately by many illustrious writers. These, however, have invariably permitted themselves to be valeted into painfully standardized and stereotyped objects before appearing in public. An effort was made to break Colonel Lawrence on the proof-reader's wheel, but in vain. One of the charming things in his book is the exchange of notes between horrified rectifier of typography and resolute author. Their correspondence was conducted on the margins of the proof-sheets, and the publisher reproduces it in the book, as a despairing gesture toward that orthodoxy which his author refuses to accept.

Proof-Reader: Jeddah and Jidda used impartially throughout. Intentional?

Lawrence: Rather!

Proof-Reader: Bir Waheida was Bir Waheidi.

Lawrence: Why not? All one place.

When the protagonist of conservatism in spelling points out that Rualla has become Rueilli, he is told, rather brutally perhaps, that Lawrence "should also have used Ruwala and Ruala." The news that Bisaita has appeared as Biseita is received with a callous "Good!" and the reproachful mention of a favorite she-camel under various guises, such as Jedha and Jedhah, draws only a thoughtful "She was a splendid beast." When, as a climax, the proof-reader hurls at him "el Mayin—el Main—el Mayen—el Muein—el Mayin—el Muyein," the author, in a momentary transport of self-admiration, cries out "Good egg! I call this really ingenious!"

These variations do produce for the reader one striking effect, of which Colonel Lawrence may or may not have been conscious. Every traveler by high road in strange lands has had the experience of asking passers-by the name of the next town, of hearing, from half a dozen such, half a dozen names which seem to have no more than a remote cousinship to one another, and then of fitting them all suddenly into the same, well known combination of letters: "Of course! They meant Firenze!"—or Angora or Samarkand. Reading Colonel Lawrence, one has this same feeling of uncertainty, followed by sudden, triumphant recognition. It is as though you had all at once identified a feature in a shifting, evanescent landscape—a feeling, needless to say, which is highly appropriate in a book about such an incredible place as Arabia. We hope Colonel Lawrence refuses forever to be intimidated, and we nominate him for President of the S. T. W. P. S. A. T. P.—the Society of Those Who Propose to Spell as They Please.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Tariff vs. the Farmer

SIR: The equalization fee is dead! Long live equalization! The farmer's cause lives, but in another form. He sought by the equalization fee to get an evening up of favors granted by the government—a plan none too good at best, but deemed by a great host as worthy of trial in view of the amazing distress of agriculture and the amazing prosperity of industry in America. That trial was denied. Now let the farmer seek equality of opportunity in simpler form. He tried to get upon stilts himself, because he saw industry so grandly walking on tariff stilts supplied by the government. But the farmer's stilts were not allowed him. Now let him see that others come down from theirs and walk on even ground with him, for his good and the good of the country. That is, from this time forth let tariff reduction be the great political business of all farmers and rural people and common workers everywhere. Having been plainly told by our most eminent political authority that price-fixing is bad, let us—I write as a farmer—see that the principle is applied with suitable force to the greatest price-fixer of all time, the American protective tariff.

I will not stop to consider the methods and effects of the price-fixing tariff more than to say that the farmer should cease to be longer bamboozled with the "home market" theory: that the farmer should be glad to pay higher prices to the manufacturer so that the manufacturer may (if he doesn't forget it) pay higher prices back to the farmer. The extreme beauty of this plan is reflected throughout the farming regions of all America, but its effulgence is in New England, where the "theory" is most revered and voted for, and where the farms, under the very eaves of the factories they feed, have been left for two generations of its support too poor to paint their buildings.

DATUS C. SMITH.

Blanchard, North Dakota.

War Debts and Morality

SIR: If American college professors continue to urge the cancelation of the Allied war debt to the United States on moral grounds, it is to be feared that they will drag the whole profession into disrepute.

Their argument, in brief, is simply that common cause demands common sacrifice. No one will question the truth of such a rule. What is important to discover is the extent to which a common cause existed, and the extent to which America has contributed to that strictly common cause.

There was a general agreement over the need for victory over Germany and Austria. But, beyond that, the absence of understanding was notorious. The Allies agreed neither among themselves nor with us regarding the use to which the victory should be put. The unanimity upon the moral righteousness of defeating the enemy stands in significant contrast to the silence or suspicion with which almost every detail of the settlement—with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine and Poland—has been greeted by the interested parties, i. e., by the whole world. The American refusal to make a joint treaty, to enter the League, and our dramatic withdrawal from the Rhine, furnish some hints as to the extent to which we considered ourselves concerned in the aftermath of victory. And it appears that at the Peace Conference we were regarded as meddlers and as a nuisance. "He talks like Jesus Christ," said Clemenceau of Wilson. Among themselves, the Allies often had quite specific and individualistic aims; Italy and Rumania hung back until they had driven profitable bargains with the hard-pressed Allies. The common purpose was victory, and hardly anything else.

And not one of the professorial manifestos intimates that America hung back from helping to win that abstract victory. Our force was given without stint or limit, indeed. Nor did the loans prove to be an impediment to the military or moral force of the Allies. So long as the cause was common, we did all that anyone could do; we fulfilled our moral obligation to the full, in the only place in which that obligation existed. For there can be no moral obligation where there is no common program; and there can be no moral obligation where there is no common gain. When it shall be shown that not only the victory, but also the fruits of victory, were shared without stint or limit of self-sacrifice, let us begin to talk about America's *moral* obligation to have done more than provide her utmost military force. We need to pull that victory down from its abstract emotional insignificance, viewing it in the concrete reality of its specific meaning for the Allies. Was *that* program ours? Our association with the Allies was in the victory, and not in its fruits. Their own association had the same character. They have been greatly embarrassed by our attempt to idealize their purposes.

It may well be that excellent economic and political reasons exist for remitting the debts. Indeed, should payments over sixty-two years arouse too much international animosity, cancelation might become a moral obligation as well as political expediency. But such an obligation is quite distinct from any that has arisen out of the War.

An unrealistic moral gesture is immoral. Let us take care that the moral pretensions which have made us so ridiculous in our internal affairs do not become an international laughing stock.

J. W. MILLER.

Williamstown, Massachusetts.

Public Defenders

SIR: In connection with the widespread movement to establish the office of Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons in the criminal courts, it is worthy of note that at the annual meeting of the New York State Bar Association held in New York City on January 22, 1927, a resolution, presented by the writer, was unanimously adopted, calling for the appointment of a Special Committee on Public Defender to consider the subject of Justice and the Poor, and for the coöperation by such Special Committee with the other Bar Associations and civic bodies.

In Connecticut, Public Defenders have been functioning in several counties pursuant to legislative enactment.

Mr. Kenneth Wynne, of the New Haven County Bar, in the November, 1926, issue of the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology, referring to the operation of the Public Defender Law in Connecticut, makes the following significant comments:

> The law in Connecticut has proven a success. There is no doubt that the system is much more satisfactory than the former practice of assigning inexperienced young attorneys who oftentimes imperiled the liberty of accused persons, who might have a good defense. . . . In conclusion, the best comment that can be made regarding the law is that it appears to have the very general approval of the bench and the bar as well as the general public.

The Public Defenders in Los Angeles, Omaha and other communities have amply justified their existence from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, and leaders of the bar are constantly urging the establishment of Public Defenders in all of our criminal courts to the end that no accused person will be denied the protection of the law, because of his poverty.

The writer's Public Defender Bill was re-introduced in the last New York legislature, and it is hoped that New York will some day take its place with other states in according a square deal to indigent accused persons.

MAYER C. GOLDMAN.

New York City.

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Tristram

Tristram, by E. A. Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 210 pages. $1.75.

TO his two preceding poems dealing with themes from the Arthurian cycle, Mr. Robinson now adds a third, this time courageously venturing on a new treatment of the Tristram and Isolt story: courageously, because more than any other tale from Malory has this been drawn upon by poets. Wagner, Swinburne, and Arthur Symons have all had their turn at it; and it is to Mr. Robinson's credit that, despite the crystallization, or conventionalization, of the theme, which has inevitably resulted from this repeated handling, he has again, as in "Merlin" and "Lancelot," made the thing remarkably his own. Whatever his merits or defects as a narrative poet, Mr. Robinson never fails to saturate his theme with his own character. Like Miss T., of whom Mr. De la Mare wrote that "whatever Miss T. eats turns into Miss T.," Mr. Robinson turns his Arthurian heroes and heroines and brooding villains into such figures as could not conceivably exist anywhere else. They are as signally and idiosyncratically stamped, as invariably and unalterably Robinsonian, as the characters of Henry James are Jamesian. These Merlins and Tristrams and Isolts and Lancelots are modern and highly self-conscious folk; they move in a world of moral and emotional subtlety which is decidedly more redolent of the age of Proust than of the age of Malory; they take on a psychological reality and intensity which would have astonished, and might have shocked, either Tennyson or William Morris—whose aim, in dealing with the same material, was so largely decorative.

Mr. Robinson's method lies half way between the tapestry effect of Morris and the melodrama of Wagner. Its chief excellence is an excellence of portraiture. And, again like James—of whom he is in many respects curiously a poetic counterpart—he particularly excels in his portraits of women. Merlin was not so good as Vivian, nor Lancelot as Guinevere; and in "Tristram" it is again true that the heroines are much more sharply and sympathetically realized than the hero. For the full-length portraits of the two Isolts—Isolt of Ireland and Isolt of the White Hands—one can have only the highest praise; both of them are as admirable and subtle as they can be; and in Isolt of the White Hands especially, Mr. Robinson has created a figure of extraordinary loveliness and pathos, as deeply moving, in its way, as the figure of Milly Theale.

To realize, beside these, the comparative failure of Mr. Robinson with his Tristram, is to realize also his chief weakness as a narrative poet; and, in particular, his weakness as an adapter of Malory. For he is curiously unable to deal with a hero as "man of action." Mr. Robinson's heroes think and feel—they think and feel almost inordinately; but they do not act. Every one of them is a kind of helpless introspective Hamlet; and not only that, but a Hamlet shorn of all masculine force. One cannot much respect this melancholy Tristram—one even feels that he is rather a namby-pamby creature; and without a forceful hero, how can one possibly have an altogether forceful poem? Mr. Robinson avoids "action" as he would avoid the plague. Such action as takes place in the present poem at all takes place off-stage, soundlessly and briefly. This contributes to one's feeling that the poem is too long—perhaps twice as long as it needed to be; but there are other factors as well. One cannot safely, in a poem two hundred-odd pages long, restrict oneself wholly to analytic dialogue and romantic description, with interlardings of lyricism. The lyricism is sometimes very beautiful, though perhaps not as beautiful as certain passages in "Merlin"; the analytic dialogue is often acute; but there is a great deal too much of both.

With this diffuseness in the narrative itself goes a corresponding diffuseness in the verse. Mr. Robinson's habit of ironic elaboration has grown upon him. An excellence in the short poems, where it was kept within bounds, it has now become, or is at any rate becoming, a dangerous mannerism. In the dialogue, especially, Mr. Robinson too often gives himself up to a sort of overwrought verbalistic *playing* with an idea: as if he were bent on saying the same thing three times over, each time more complicatedly and abstractedly and involutely than before. Sometimes these tortuous passages conceal a subtlety worth the pain of extraction—and sometimes they do not. On at least one occasion, Mr. Robinson becomes so involved in his own involutions that he forgets to finish his sentence—losing himself, as now and then Henry James did, in a maze of inversions and parentheses. This elaborate obscurity, with its accompanying absence of tactile qualities in the language and of ruggedness in the blank verse, too frequently makes these pages hard and unrewarding reading. It is the more regrettable as Mr. Robinson has given to his poem great beauty of design. And that it contains many pages of extraordinary loveliness and tragic force goes without saying.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Integration of a Moving World

Purposive Evolution, The Link Between Science and Religion, by Edmund Noble. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 578 pages. $5.

MR. NOBLE'S important book holds together like the universe he writes of. It is not easy to select a passage which, in isolation from its context, sums up its main idea. The following passage is, however, representative: "So far as concrete Nature problems are concerned, the aim of the relational philosophy is to unify the self-maintaining organism with the self-maintaining universe, to revise the theory of natural selection with such an account of the internal factors of organic development as shall separate the process by which intelligent adaptations are accumulated from the process by which they are originated; to universalize so-called 'intelligence' by showing it to be primarily neither a conscious nor even an organic process, but a process rooted in the very nature of power; and finally . . . to derive all organic and inorganic characters—characters of form, characters of motion, characters of mind—from their fountain and source, the power-system, the Purposive Universe." Thus the subject-matter of the work is broader than its title. The characteristic thing is the derivation of evolution from the character of the universe conceived as power. "Neither vitality nor consciousness can be traced to really ultimate units: they imply and require collectivity."

It is perhaps a safe guess that Mr. Noble's point of departure was the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. In one aspect, his work may be regarded as Spencer brought down to date and rendered coherent. The task of rendering him coherent is, however, no job of external revision and supplementation. It involves radical revision; not quantitative excision and addition, but a qualitative change which has eliminated surds and wrought a relational monism. One

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might find a clue to Mr. Noble's thought in its transformation of "relativity" into relatedness. To Spencer—as, upon the whole, in the entire historic doctrine of relativity—relations are a kind of blot and blur upon the face of the absolute; a veil which comes between us and "reality," a veil which not only conceals but distorts. His was a doctrine of a profound dualism which terminated inevitably in an equally profound agnosticism. To Mr. Noble, relatedness, universal and thorough-going, is of the very nature of things; knowledge is relational not because of some twist or limitation of the mind, but because mind developing in a related world can operate only in terms of the relations upon which it depends and which form its proper objects. "Things conform to us for all the superficial elements of knowledge; for all its fundamental characters knowledge conforms to things." Knowledge is of the universe itself, and in both senses "of"; as proceeding from it, its own doing, and as directed toward and fulfilled in it.

Method and style remind one also of Spencer. Spencer's greatest ability was the power to bring facts together from regions apparently unlike and exhibit them as versions of a common principle. Mr. Noble has an extraordinary command of this device. His learning is vast, and draws upon widely diversified fields. As he finds that the basic categories of the universe are likeness and difference, with likeness so dominating the differences which lead to change and motion as to result in enduring forms and structures, so the marshaling of facts outwardly different in order to elicit an underlying identity is characteristic of his method. Spencer's marshaling of data drawn from all sources often leaves me with the impression that, having made his formula, he fits his facts into ready-made pigeon-holes. With Mr. Noble, I feel that the unification is intrinsic; it is the material which organizes itself, and Mr. Noble's power is that of perceiving and reporting the organization which is already there. Hence his volume presents a massive and solid structure which puts much contemporary philosophizing to shame. Mr. Noble's style also possesses Spencer's knack of recurrent and cumulative effect. But his presentation is free from Spencer's inflation and pomposity.

The idea of relatedness accounts for the frequent opposition drawn by Mr. Noble between "self-sourced" and "system-sourced." Putting the matter schematically, the idea which pervades his book is that nothing, whether physical, vital or psychical and mental, is explained until it has been traced back to the fundamental traits of the universe itself, while our errors and fallacies come from isolating a particular subject-matter. "Everywhere the absolute method is the method of ignoring the dependence of the individual object, the single process, on the sum of processes, the system of objects; the relational method is everywhere the method of viewing objects and processes in the light of the totality of objects and processes."

As I have just said, the statement is schematic; it gives only the formula, and as the statement isolates the formula it cannot help being false to it. It is the evidence adduced for the formula and the latter's illuminating application to a variety of perplexing problems which renders Mr. Noble's volume significant. For that reason, I ask the reader to look at this review as bearing much the same relation to the book that a city directory bears to the life of the city. As a substitute, it is as worthless as it is dull. But if a person wants to find out where somebody lives so as to come into direct and actual contact with him, a directory is a very useful thing. And I can but hope that these statements—although an incomplete directory—may guide readers to consult the full statement.

My index will confine itself to the structural skeleton. The universe as a power system is self-maintaining. Space is the extension of power; not, as in the traditional view, an empty vessel which holds things as a pan contains separate peas. Power *constitutes* space. Its dynamic character as extensive is primarily ether; "ether" is somewhat out of scientific vogue at present. But unless nature is to fall to pieces, any theory must acknowledge some universal linkage in virtue of which the whole pervades the units and the system dominates its members. The universe as power *makes* time, which is not a container of changes but the changes themselves as dominated by the unity which is manifest in extension. Change implies differences; power manifests itself as stress and re-stress, so that nature is characterized by number. These three basic "categories" explain the conservation of matter and energy, which are not ultimate laws or facts but manifestations of the domination of all changes and units by the whole. "The summated potencies of the universe must be conceived as a power reflowing to the units as a power of conservation." The differential character of energy is exhibited as matter, which is derived from ether under conditions of unequal stresses, which bring about everywhere a coöperation of antagonism. Matter and change are thus correlative.

Power as likeness is the equalized stress or *constitutive* energy termed ether. Matter as differential, or difference, is a state of unequalized stresses which, because of the self-maintaining character of power, tend toward equalization. The tendency is motion, energy in its *kinetic* mode. The domination of the power system in effecting equalization forms rhythm, which is manifested in uniformities of succession and also tends to repetition and uniformity of positions and collocations, to those symmetries manifest in uniformities of extension. Evolution is but the generalization of the character of changes; the "law" of evolution but an expression of the universal mode of all changes in their movement toward equalization of stresses. But differential stresses are equalized only when enduring forms, structures, positions, configurations, relationships, are established. The universe is teleological and "intelligent" in the sense that processes of change go on until they terminate in forms which are internally and externally "adapted," stable and enduring, because fitted in their environment—ultimately the whole system. Interchange, action and reaction, are mechanical when viewed piece-meal; as isolated sequences. In relation to the whole system, or viewed in their integral tendency toward terminal forms which endure because they are interadapted, they are teleological. Resort to special design in nature generally, and to *specific* agencies, vital force, the entelechies of Driesch, etc., in relation to living creatures, is made necessary only by absolutistic isolation of changes from the self-maintaining nature of the universe as power.

An organism bears the same relation to a particular set of changes, those which form life, that the universe sustains to all changes. "The universe is concerned, so to speak, only in conserving power; the organism is concerned in conserving itself, and therefore in conserving all those appliances and processes which it must develop as means to self-maintenance." "What characterizes life activities is thus not 'vital force,' nor yet the physio-chemical properties of the molecules engaged, but the power of the all-imposing collective character over each." Thus there is interdependence of structure and process. The organism determines what the directions of least and greatest stress shall be within its own processes. It thus exercises control over them and insures that its structures operate in ways which

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are ways to ends. Natural selection does not account for the origin of favorable variations nor for their cumulative development in a serviceable direction. When it is used to explain useful adaptations, it shows a "naïve substitution of the results of fitness for the causes of fitness"—the external process of elimination cannot give rise to that "which is left untouched by elimination." The use-advantage which variations exhibit before they are structurally valuable for survival is that of saving energy expended in efforts at self-maintenance. Some difficulty operates to set up a condition of differential stress so that variations are in the direction of minimizing tension. As a self-maintainer, the organism has a set toward everything that is useful for life. Since its self-maintenance can occur only through making use of the environing medium, its variations must, upon the whole, be adaptive. In a universe which contains light and a mobile organism whose self-maintenance depends upon relations to distant conditions, it would be more surprising if the latter did not develop sensitive responsiveness to light than it is that eyes appear. Once started on that route, it pushes every attained advantage to its extreme and sees the job through.

Conscious mind is a further exemplification of the same principle. The universe does not manifest inter-adaptation because presided over by conscious mind; I know of no critical examination of arguments from design, and the various ways of anthropomorphizing and psychologizing nature, as destructively searching as that contained in the first part of Mr. Noble's work. But a universe that maintains itself by directing its changes toward enduring forms is one in which intelligence becomes consciously cognizant of the medium in which it lives. A highly complex motile organism has to make constantly novel responses, no two of which are alike, and, as organization cares for uniform and recurrent relationships, "consciousness is of the sudden, irregular, the unaccustomed"; it works in the direction of finer discrimination. Thus consciousness is not the source and basis of mind, but rather its mobile apex.

In this bare directory, many points of great interest have been entirely passed over, and those probably the points of greatest interest for many readers. The development of Mr. Noble's theme in reference to social life is one of these fields; his treatment of esthetic experience, especially of the functions of rhythm and symmetry in works of art, and of religious experience, must at least be alluded to. His philosophy is genuinely "synthetic" in a sense more profound than Spencer's. He begins with a consideration of our present crisis in science and religion, due to the fact that "man has lost his grip on things which he had when we knew them less and believed in them more." It is a crisis in which religion is pale and defensive because its intellectual basis has been identified with an anthropomorphic view which science has made impossible, and in which science is piece-meal and divisive because it has retained the isolating absolutism of primitive mind, and indeed, in its specializations confined to piece-meal views, has exaggerated its disintegrative tendency until the "mechanical" relations of nature are the only bond it acknowledges. To an extraordinary degree, Mr. Noble's work responds to the demand for unity and wholeness, and in a way which is free from the injection of those subjective factors which have infected most modern philosophic schemes of unification.

I cannot close without expressing my deep admiration for Mr. Noble's work. Mr. Noble is not a professional—or professorial—philosopher. And I hope that academic cliquishness will not militate against his work's receiving the attention which it richly deserves. There is some danger that it is too philosophic for professional scientists and too scientific for professional philosophers, especially as the tide of scientific interest in contemporary philosophy sets in the direction of mathematics, and of mathematics divorced from the world of actuality in which Mr. Noble justly places space, time and number. It is no slight achievement to point out the road by which philosophy can integrate mathematical characters with physical and vital things and relations. And that is but one aspect of the task which he has accomplished, and an aspect incidental to his main purpose. He has pointed the road which will restore to man the sense of living in an integrated world. Whatever the immediate reception of the book, Mr. Noble's work will endure; it is a noble and solid exemplification of his own theme that the stress of differences tends toward enduring form and configuration.

JOHN DEWEY.

Lawrence of Arabia

Revolt in the Desert, by T. E. Lawrence. New York: George H. Doran Company. 328 pages. $3.50.

THIS book was long awaited by those who had heard of Lawrence as a legendary figure. It is a book worth waiting for. In it there is not only the story of such an adventure as no other man in our own times has had; there is wit, truth, beauty and complete simplicity in the telling of the tale.

Lawrence's story, as everyone knows, is the story of Arab tribesmen who took an Allied promise seriously, fought a war and were rewarded by being shown a secret treaty. They learned then that the homeland for which they had fought had long since been divided secretly between France and Britain, and that instead of fighting for a country they had been fighting for a joke. Lawrence was as cruelly deceived and as bitterly disillusioned by this bit of statesmanship as the ragamuffin Arab soldiers whom he led. The repercussions of Arab nationalism still beating its wings against French cannon at Damascus bear witness to the fact that for a brief and glamorous moment a great number of nomad Arabs really saw themselves as a free and independent people.

A sense of foreboding runs through the tale that Lawrence tells. "Conscious all the time of my strangeness, and of the incongruity of an alien's advocating national liberty . . . I had to persuade myself that the British government could really keep its promises." But what we see of Lawrence's doubts and agonizing attacks of conscience in this book is very little. For the book is an abridgement, and in this version only a few of the savage doubts shine through.

There is beauty in this book: words used magically to picture strange unexpected nights of desert snow and still, hot noons when "the heat of Arabia came out like a drawn sword and struck us speechless." There are exciting episodes of camel charges into the face of Turkish cannon and strange glimpses of the wheels of Turkish locomotives hurtling to the sky, blown up by fifty pounds of gelatine buried in the desert, "a shaking jelly in a sandbag." There is bitter, impish humor. There is fidelity to detail and a great ability to make bewildering events in a fantastic background seem wholly real and near at hand. There is no romancing either about the leadership of the revolt or about its rank and file. Of the former Lawrence says, "As our revolt succeeded, onlookers have praised its leadership; but behind the scenes lay all the vices of amateur control, experimental councils, divisions, whimsicality." Of the Arab

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rank and file, "They were odd people . . . absolute slaves of their appetites, with no stamina of mind. . . . Had the circumstances of their lives given them opportunity they would have been sheer sensualists. Their strength was the strength of men geographically beyond temptation: the poverty of Arabia made them simple, continent, enduring."

Lawrence knew these men. Why not? He says of them that "Arab processes were clear, Arab minds moved logically as our own, with nothing radically incomprehensible or different, except the premises: there was no excuse or reason, except our laziness and ignorance, whereby we could call them inscrutable or Oriental or leave them misunderstood." So much for the East and West that never meet, the myth wished on the world by Kipling, who has written much about Orientals but never led one of them even across a public square. Lawrence led. It is the great single fact about his adventure that, though he led the Arabs down a *cul de sac,* he led. In a day when East and West egregiously misunderstand each other, it happened that one Westerner who really wished to understand could succeed so well that a people traditionally hostile to all foreigners acclaimed him as a friend. CHARLES MERZ.

South African Novels

From Man to Man, by Olive Schreiner. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Beadle, by Pauline Smith. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

AT length we have the novel on which Olive Schreiner was engaged intermittently from 1873 to 1911, and which she left unfinished. From the references in her letters, it appears that she began several stories, wrote various fragments, which she ultimately worked into the consecutive narrative which now appears. Though consecutive, the narrative is not coherent—it is as uneven as "The Story of an African Farm," of which it has much of the same singular power. It has unity of conception, but not unity of execution. In 1883 she was working on a powerful episode which appears late in the book as the chapter, "How the Rain Rains in London," but no one will recognize the heroine of it as the Bertie whom we know in the earlier chapters. Late in the story appears a new character who, according to Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, was to effect the denouement. If this was to proceed along the lines he indicates, we cannot regret that the author lost heart and did not add a line for ten years before her death.

Olive Schreiner belongs with the intellectual novelists of the Victorian Age. The novel, for her, was a vehicle of ideas. Rebekah in "From Man to Man" is full of the same moral thoughtfulness that we find in Waldo and Lyndall in "The African Farm." It was for this that her author loved her. She makes nothing of giving her forty pages to think out the theory of the ethical, as opposed to the cosmic, process in evolution, or of allowing her to write in one short night a letter of 20,000 words to her husband, giving a complete history of his unfaithfulness. The wrongs of woman were to Olive Schreiner the theme of deepest import, which aroused her most passionate response. The sister heroines, Rebekah betrayed in marriage, Bertie betrayed outside of wedlock by men and, worst of all, by women, were in her mind for forty years.

More than any other novelist, Olive Schreiner reminds one of the Brontës—Charlotte and Emily. The veldt of South Africa was, like the Yorkshire moors, a place of solitude and isolation. There is wistfulness in the passage in which Rebekah "pictured to herself what great works of art must be like or great orchestral music. She had seen or heard neither, but she dreamed of them, as she dreamed of what it must be to be one of a company of men and women in a room together, all sharing the same outlook on life and therefore thinking somewhat the same thought." For Olive Schreiner, as for Charlotte, writing was an escape and a release, and her books, for the same reason, remained a part of herself. She could never detach herself from her heroines. As Charlotte makes Lucy Snow express her own sour English prudishness before a picture of Cleopatra, so Olive Schreiner has Rebekah inveigh against an overdressed soloist, "speculating why it was that one woman, with her song and her tight silk dress, should at once be able to produce an atmosphere as trivial and suffocating as an afternoon tea." And at times the large feeling and noble passion that was in both sisters, but most of all in Emily Brontë, shines out in Olive Schreiner and makes her work memorable.

"The Beadle" is as firm in development, as inevitable in outcome, as "From Man to Man" is fragmentary and uncertain. It is one of those stories of elemental things, of nature and human love and sorrow, which lend themselves to classical form. The background is Dutch. One finds it difficult at first to realize that these simple, generous, pious folk are the incredible Boers portrayed by British writers, but if Pauline Smith is as true to her Dutch background as Olive Schreiner is to the English, we may rejoice in an act of justice. The story of Andrina's love is told with an exquisite frankness which is the highest reverence. The censorship which bars such a book from Boston would forbid the fact of birth itself. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Business and the Church

Business and the Church. Edited by Jerome Davis. New York: The Century Company. 383 pages. $2.50.

MR. Davis remarks in his introduction that we have heard much from the Church about the relationship between it and industry, but little from business men and labor leaders. He therefore presents twenty-one statements by employers, engineers and labor spokesmen. Some of them are merely vapid, others are informative concerning specific experiments in industry, but only a few throw any light directly on the subject under discussion. It is of value to have such a compilation, if only to show how completely at sea industry is when it comes to conceiving not merely any basic need, but even any useful minor function, for religion in its organized aspect.

Mr. Babson denies that "praying fathers have preying sons," giving as illustrations such devout Christian executives as James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation, the Swifts of packing fame, and George Horace Lorimer of the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Herr, President of the Westinghouse Company, talks ingratiatingly about employee representation, and says that, if ministers will only work with the responsible executives, their activities will doubtless have practical results. Some of the papers, like those of Mr. Lewisohn, Mr. Young, Mr. Dennison and Mr. Squires, are competent treatments of industrial problems and situations such as might be found in any book unconcerned with the Church and its influence. Ethical considerations are involved, to be sure, but the Church seems remote. The labor representatives face the problem squarely and try to answer the question of what the Church can do for industry. Their answers contain little that is

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new. Earl Dean Howard perhaps comes the nearest of all to giving a suggestion with meat in it.

On the whole, however, it looks as if the Church could not depend much on present industrial leaders, if it wants to make a place for itself in the domain of machine civilization.

GEORGE SOULE.

On Teaching French Poetry

Victor Hugo, by William F. Giese. New York: The Dial Press. 315 pages. $4.

DO not enlivening critics of poetry seem still to be in pursuit of valid and available ideas of art and life? They engage the reader in a chase after big game, spurring his energies. Mr. Giese, Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Wisconsin, sets out after Victor Hugo, but his book is more like a personally conducted tour than a hunt.

> The truth is that Hugo's poetry can appear really satisfying to those alone who ask of poetry only sensuous effects, only pictures and music and flowers, to those who seek only *l'imagination tapageuse à cent voix,* for whom, as for himself, poetry is an expression of art for art's sake.

What more does Mr. Giese himself ask? He answers indirectly. "A truly humane poet" would never have said to Napoleon, *"Tu domines notre âge, ange ou démon, qu'importe."* He would "instinctively" have felt in Napoleon "the arch-enemy of that finer spirit of morality of which the poet is one of the authentic interpreters." "The man of refined and serious taste," who seeks in poetry "satisfaction of a deeper kind" than "intensity of artistic delight"—such phrases prepare for the teacher's climax:

> The reader of chastened taste will instinctively turn away to the civilized poets, even though they confine him perhaps to a discreetly ordered garden-close, for he has learned that man's destiny, if he is to live fruitfully, is to live within limits, however he may feel at times the charm of looking above and beyond them into the void and the wild.

All this is alarming to anyone who dreads the teacher's power to paralyze a youth's responses, to rein in any going along with the poets and inviting their experience. A young person is easily made dogmatic and limp and incurious. And Mr. Giese is not hopeful! "One feels serious misgivings as to what fate may threaten the . . . tenuous and insecure hold that genuine poetry had gained in France when Hugo supervened. . . . The dissolution may prove permanent, despite the efforts of feeble symbolists and *vers libristes.*" The dice seem loaded.

Is surprise at any great excitement about the dangers of 1830's romanticism only an unacademic frivolity? Surely each generation exaggerates in its own direction. Why attack an exhausted extravagance? In 1830, if a poet found his verse rather running on of itself, he pointed quite simply to the Hebrew Prophets. He now would reflect on the intervals in the slow-moving consciousness, when the organism seems to do without being watched. Paul Valéry would seem more illuminating than Victor Hugo. Relativity and intuition seem more immediate extravagances than Hugo's Absolute and his "enormous" eye.

What exactly does Mr. Giese mean by his reiterated charge of "art for art's sake"? In the 80's and 90's of the last century the phrase generally emphasized the poet's independence of Church and State. Mr. Giese always suggests contempt for any human powers not strictly necessary to the honest everyday Christian. If the writing and the study of poetry are for us today like dropping a plummet into a confused mobility, how can it profit us to hear that Hugo "lacked character, sincerity, and purpose; so much so that his reader must regretfully feel, in the presence of this great genius, that he is the poet's moral superior and not his pupil"?

If Mr. Giese had been more precise about the way Victor Hugo and his Romanticism have been "reshaping our whole modern life and thought" for over a hundred years, he would have written a more timely book. We want proof. We have, he says, been "timid and perfunctory" in our criticism of the poet, while French criticism has been thorough. Yet Mr. Giese deplores that the French are "detached," when they are enjoying an esthetic experience! Probably M. Albert Thibaudet speaks for most French critical readers when he says one can see in Hugo certain roots of poetry laid bare, and that French literature is healthy enough and rich enough to indulge in him, though a poorer and more restricted literature might well be disarranged and troubled. What, after all, is Mr. Giese's version of American literature? Until he gives us an account of it, as complete as his account of Victor Hugo, how can we say to that poet, *"tu domines notre âge"?*

EDITH BORIE.

Roger Fry as Kunstforscher

Transformations, by Roger Fry. New York: Brentano's. 226 pages. $10.

IN "Transformations," Mr. Roger Fry continues h brilliant inquiry into "those various transmutations which forms undergo in becoming part of esthetic construction," the foundations of which he laid in "Vision and Design." It is a task for which he is exceptionally endowed, bringing to it the flame of the artist tempered by the cool detachment of the student and fed by the ardor of the lover of beauty. As student, Mr. Fry opens his new book with further speculation upon the nature of the esthetic emotion, which he regards as special and distinct. His position has been attacked, and Mr. Fry rises not so much to defend his theory of a separate type of response called forth by the contemplation and comprehension of works of art, as to define more precisely the character of the response in certain well chosen examples. In the plastic arts particularly, the nature of the response has been immeasurably complicated by the presence of illustrative elements, for every "subject" may act as a call to "remembrance of things past." Representation becomes a destructive factor in art only when it "depends on reference to something outside the picture, when it becomes descriptive of some other reality and becomes part of an actual and not a spiritual reality." This "spiritual reality" is integral to the plastic elements of the picture, and these, as Mr. Fry points out in his concluding essay, have come to be more and more bound up with color, used not merely decoratively but structurally.

The greater part of "Transformations" is, however, happily concerned with the study of certain manifestations of the arts themselves, rather than with the controversial matter of the nature of the beholder's emotion, and it is here that Mr. Fry reveals himself as that invaluable *Kunstforscher* whose absence—even as to a suitable title—he deplores in his own country. The function of such a one is somewhere between that of the archeologist and that of the creative artist, combining the knowledge of the one and the

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sensitiveness to created beauty of the other. Chinese art, John Singer Sargent, the maligned Seicento, book illustration, modern drawings, Van Gogh, and Seurat are among the subjects which enlist his interest, and to each Mr. Fry brings that probing search for the *Ding an sich* which investigates but pushes beyond the periphery of sensation. Sung and T'ang are more than tags to him, but what he communicates to us of Chinese art is infinitely more valuable: a sense of the difference between the oriental and the occidental mood as regards the anthropocentrism of the world, of the extent to which the Chinese endow all life with the *élan* which western art reserves for man, and further, a sense of the playfulness and detachment inherent in Chinese art, which excludes the emphasis upon self-expression that has dominated European art, certainly since Michelangelo. The Sargent bubble has never been more deftly pricked than by Mr. Fry. It is, however, when he is in the presence of great artists, of Van Gogh or Seurat, that we can best appreciate the just and discriminating character of Mr. Fry's criticism. ROSE MARY FISCHKIN.

An American Saga, by Carl Christian Jensen. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 219 pages. $2.50.

THE saga begins with boyhood in a little town of Denmark, and continues by way of the sea, through day labor in New York, marriage and missionary work for an Adventist sect in the Northwest, to the University of Minnesota and a career as social investigator. Many readers will remember "An American Idyll," in which Cornelia Stratton Parker told the story of her husband's life and her own from their co-educational days at the University of California to his death on the threshold of the same career. The two books are alike in their mingling of physical and spiritual adventure, alike in their record of marriage as an extraordinarily stimulating and enhancing relation, alike in a sense of life that is instinctive, fortified by thought. They are very different, in that the "Idyll" is feminine, the "Saga" masculine. In the vast amount of autobiography appearing today, there are no books which we should like better to think represented something essential and distinctive in American experience and culture.

R. M. L.

Contributors

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"POLITICAL ECONOMIST" is the pseudonym of an authority in the field who has had exceptional opportunity to observe the workings of the federal tax on profits.

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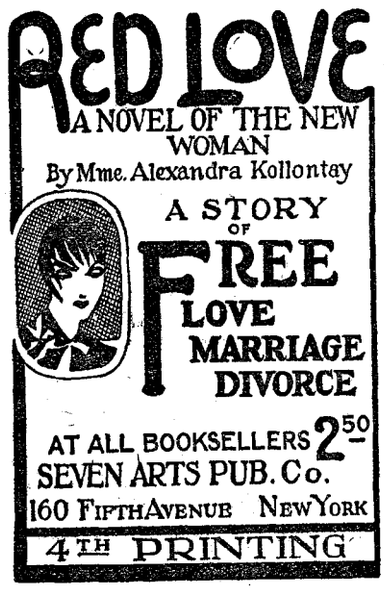

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